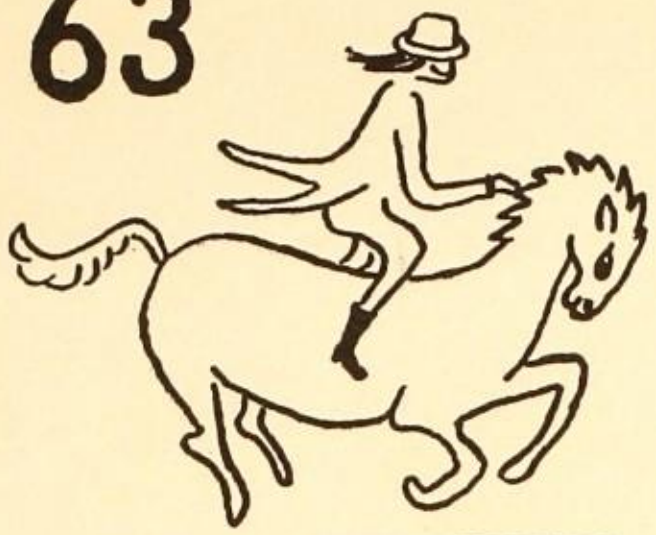
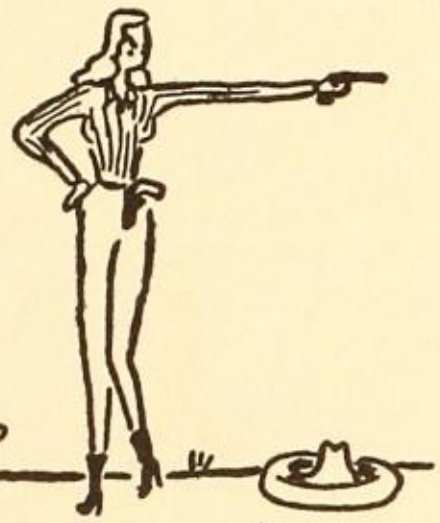
THE OXFORD
DIAN

'53 IN '63

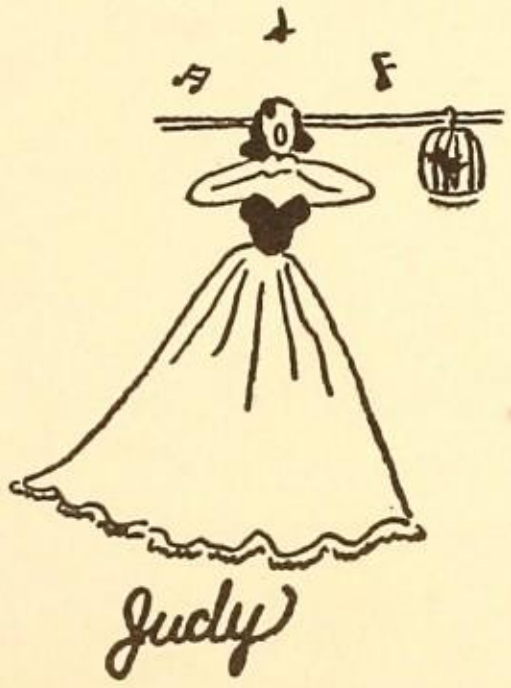


Barbara Hooker

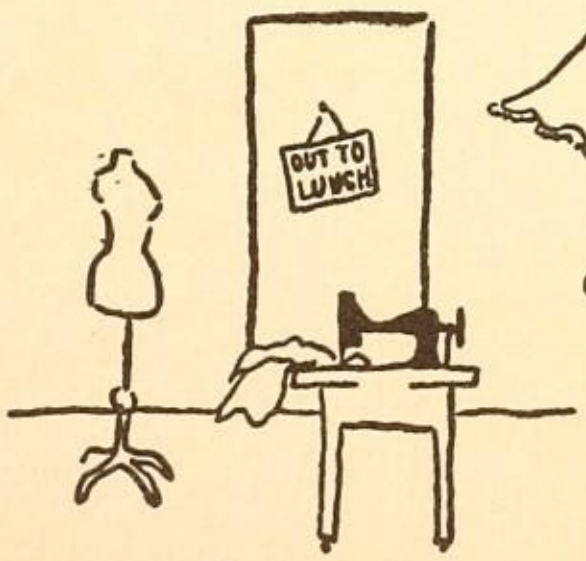


Laura

Joan Elbaum



Judy



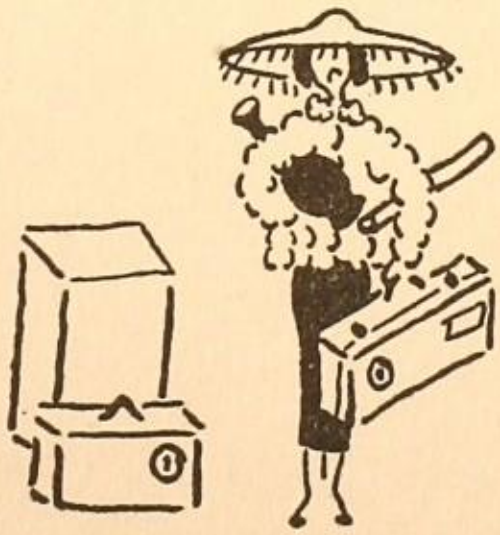
Sabra

Margaret

Laurie

Bev

CUSTOMS OFFICE



Carole Markin

AB96
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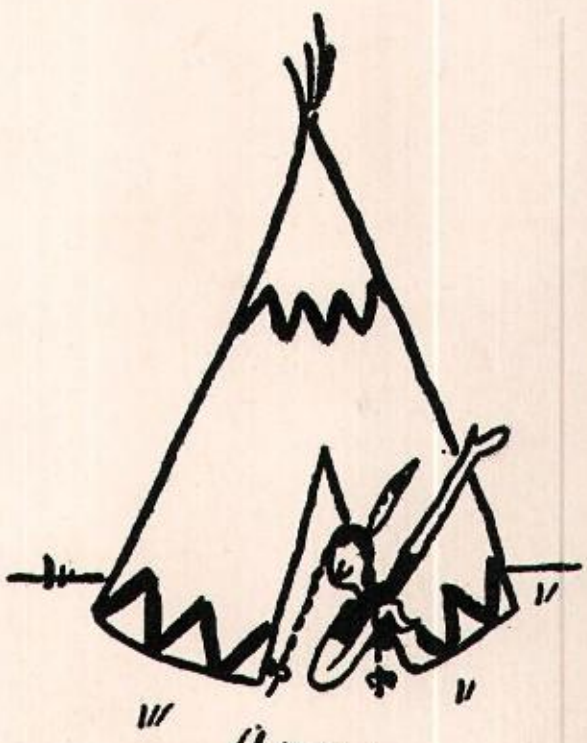
Sheila

EDITOR OF VOGUE

Nancy

Cynnie

Pam



Ann

SODAS
25¢

Pope

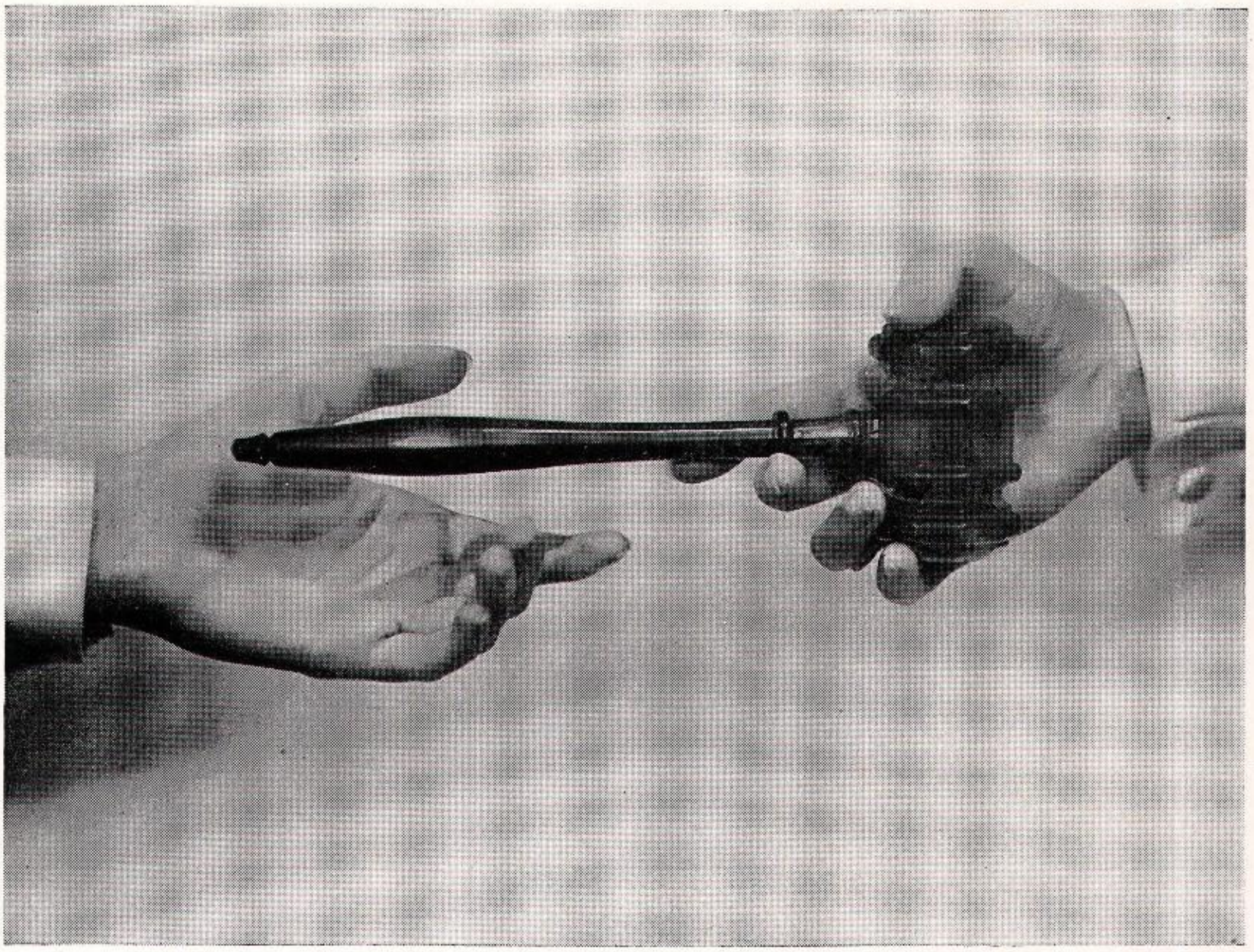
Mary

BEST DRESSED

Wendy

Carole

To the spirit of honor and integrity
which is the strength of our government here at Oxford,
and to the dignity of the individual
which it has fostered,
we the Class of 1953
humbly dedicate this book



FACULTY

Left to Right — First Row: Miss Wuori, Mrs. Wilson, Miss Hall, Mrs. McGuinn, Miss Graff, Miss Evans, Miss Harry, Miss Hamilton. *Second Row:* Miss Carlisle, Miss Lasell, Miss Root, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Paul, Miss Hamlen, Miss Jarrell, Miss Deckelman. *Third Row:* Mrs. Diaz, Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Gavert, Miss Gibney, Miss Storrs, Mme. LaBrecque, Mr. Wilcock, Miss Cummings. *Absent:* Miss Carroll, Mr. Spurrier.

FACULTY AND STAFF

Dorothy Graff, A.B., M.A.	*Headmistress*
Mary W. McGuinn, A.B.	*Assistant to the Headmistress for Classes VII and VIII, Latin, Mathematics*
Edith N. Evans, B.S., M.A.	*English, Chemistry*
Mary B. Gibney, A.B., M.A.	*English*
Barbara Jarrell, A.B.	*English*
Gloria C. Gavert, A.B., M.A.	*Dramatics, Oral English*
Verna M. Carlisle	*English, Science*
William A. Spurrier, B.A., B.D.	*Bible*
Jean L. Harry, A.B., M.A.	*French*
Yvonne LaBrecque, A.B., B. ès L., M.A.	*French*
Lucia Sharp Dexter, A.B.	*French*
Ellen K. Wuori, A.B., M.A.	*Latin*
Hazel Gay Paul, A.B.	*Spanish*
Verne M. Hall, A.B., M.A.	*History*
Edgar W. Wilcock, A.B.	*History*
Elizabeth M. Hamilton, A.B.	*Mathematics*
Shirley B. Storrs, A.B.	*Mathematics*
Helen van Dyck Brown, A.B.	*Biology, General Science*
Marion B. Wilson, B.S.	*Art*
Marion Boron, B.M., A.M.	*Music*
Carl Walton Deckelman	*Music*
Page Sharp, B.S.	*Consulting Psychologist*
Daniel F. Harvey, B.S., M.D.	*Consulting Physician*
Eleanor F. Lasell, B.S.	*Physical Education*
Aida Maria Diaz, B.S., M.A.	*Physical Education*
Constance Bartlett	*Physical Education*
Esther L. Hamlen	*Librarian*
Lillian M. Carroll	*Financial Secretary*
Eleanor F. Higgins	*Financial Secretary*
Doris I. Cummings, A.B.	*Secretary to the Headmistress*
Gretchen Deckelman, A.B.	*Academic Secretary*
Beatrice Hoffman	*Office Secretary*
Sarah W. Root	*Dietitian and House Manager*

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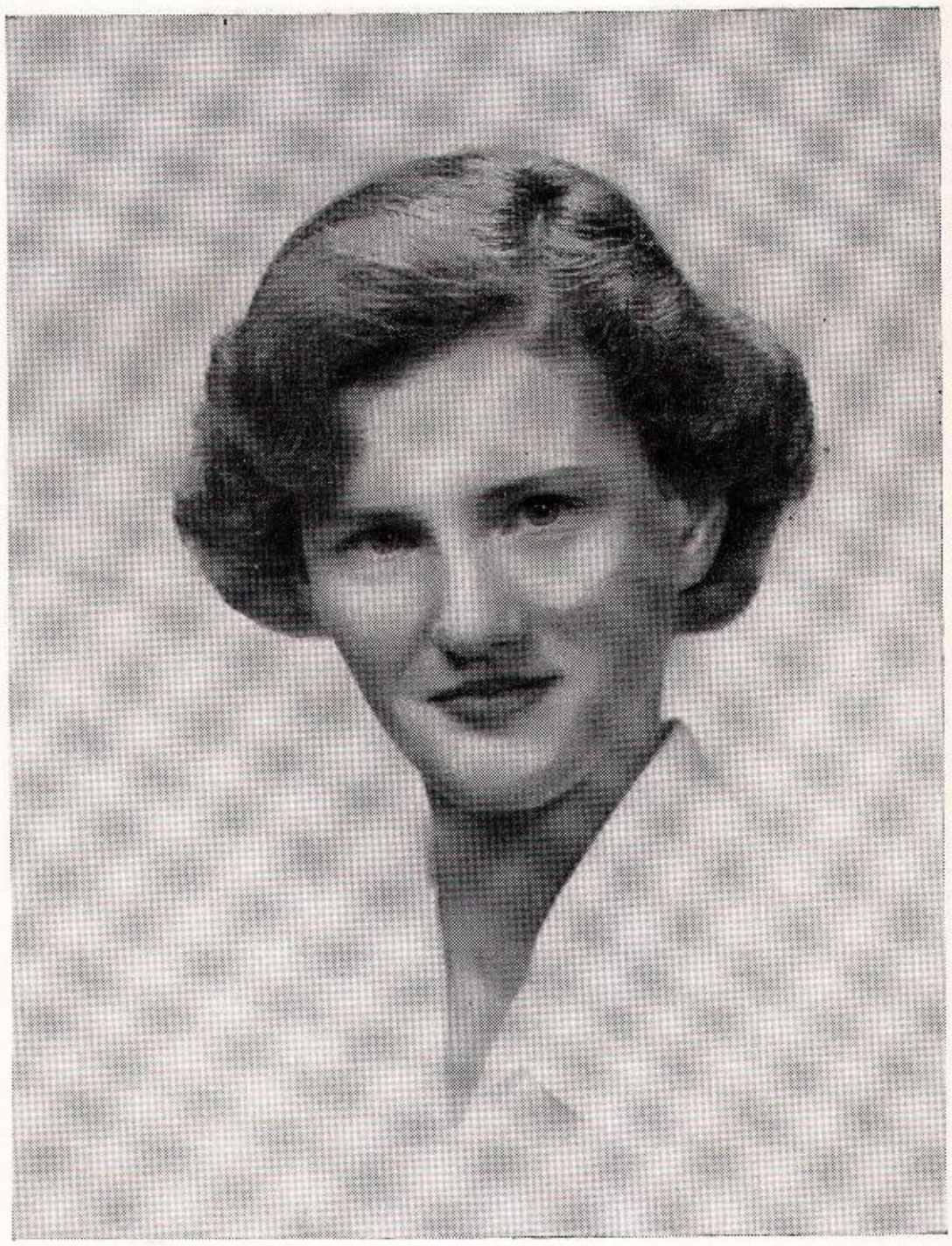
TYPIST — Carole Goldenthal.

SENIOR CLASS

OLGA MARIE CAMPAINE

Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe

THE BRIGHTNESS and laughing energy which surround Olga are what make her, physically our smallest, actually our largest. As class president she has achieved a communion with her classmates, the authority to lead them, and a charm which delights them. She takes her job as president of the class with easy grace and pleasant persuasiveness; and we shall never forget the day when, as president, she happily ruled us all out of order for teasing her in a class meeting. *Glee Club, 4; Chapel Choir, 3; Dance Club, 2; Paint and Putty, 3; Music Workshop, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; French Club, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Foreign Policy Association, 2; Vice-president, Class X; President, Classes XI, XII; Oxford Council, 3.*



HARRIET LESLIE CLIFFORD

Thy modesty's a candle for thy merit

HARRIET'S desire to help others outreaches the saying stage and enters the doing; she not only gives advice, but thinks about others' problems and devotes her time to their solution. Her ambition and hard work have been inspiring in their intensity. She works so hard to be a productive, giving member of a group that, unconsciously, she becomes its star. *Dance Club, 4; Music Workshop, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; French Club, 1; Clef Club, 1; Political Science Club, 1; Study Hall Committee, 2, Chairman, 2.*

MARY BRADFORD DAVIS

We have been friends together
In sunshine and in shade

"THERE will be a meeting of French Club this afternoon," Molly says, and everyone in chapel, in French Club or not, eagerly awaits the cheerful smile that will accompany her good news. Her smile stands as a symbol of all the cheery smiles we've seen in six years. It stands for the sympathetic smiles, the determined ones, the smiles through tears. Molly has brought sunshine into our lives, and like all sunshine, hers comes from a warm, vital source, herself. *Glee Club, 4; Chapel Choir, 2; Paint and Putty, 4, Secretary, 1; Oxfordian, Business Board, 1; French Club, 2, President, 1; Political Science Club, 2; Social Committee, 3; Class Captain, Class IX.*

JUDITH BLAND DEW

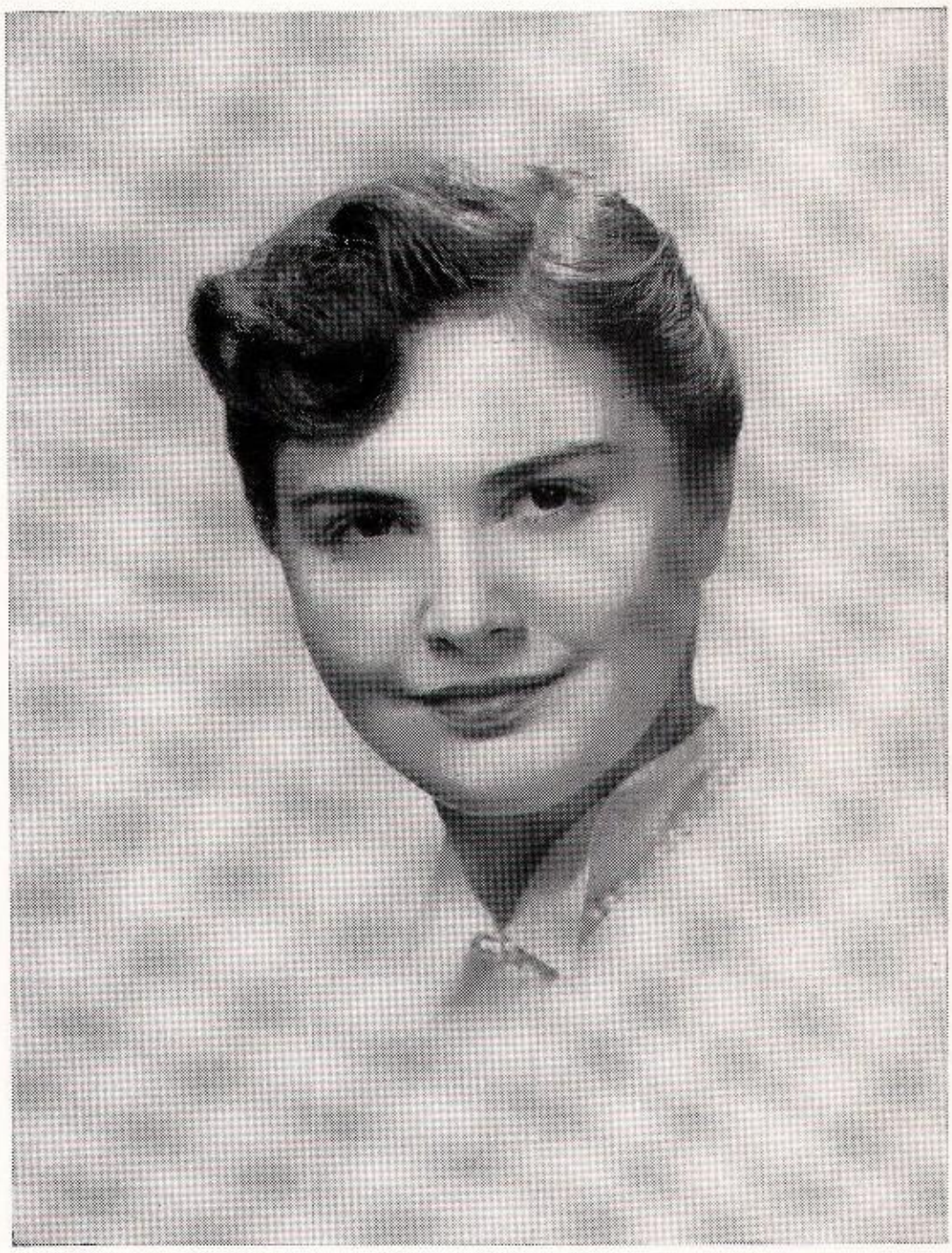
She has the talent for enjoying little things

PEOPLE and Blannie go together because Blannie loves people — she loves their interests, their faults, their tears and their laughter. Blannie lives through our experiences vicariously with us, and she is full of sympathy for our misfortunes, real or imaginary. She welcomes life and new experiences, and this makes the world want to give her wonderful things to welcome. *Paint and Putty, 4; Oxfordian, Business Board, 1; French Club, 1; Clef Club, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Social Committee, 2; Foreign Policy Association, 2.*

PRISCILLA IRENE DIMOCK

Feeling loves a subdued light

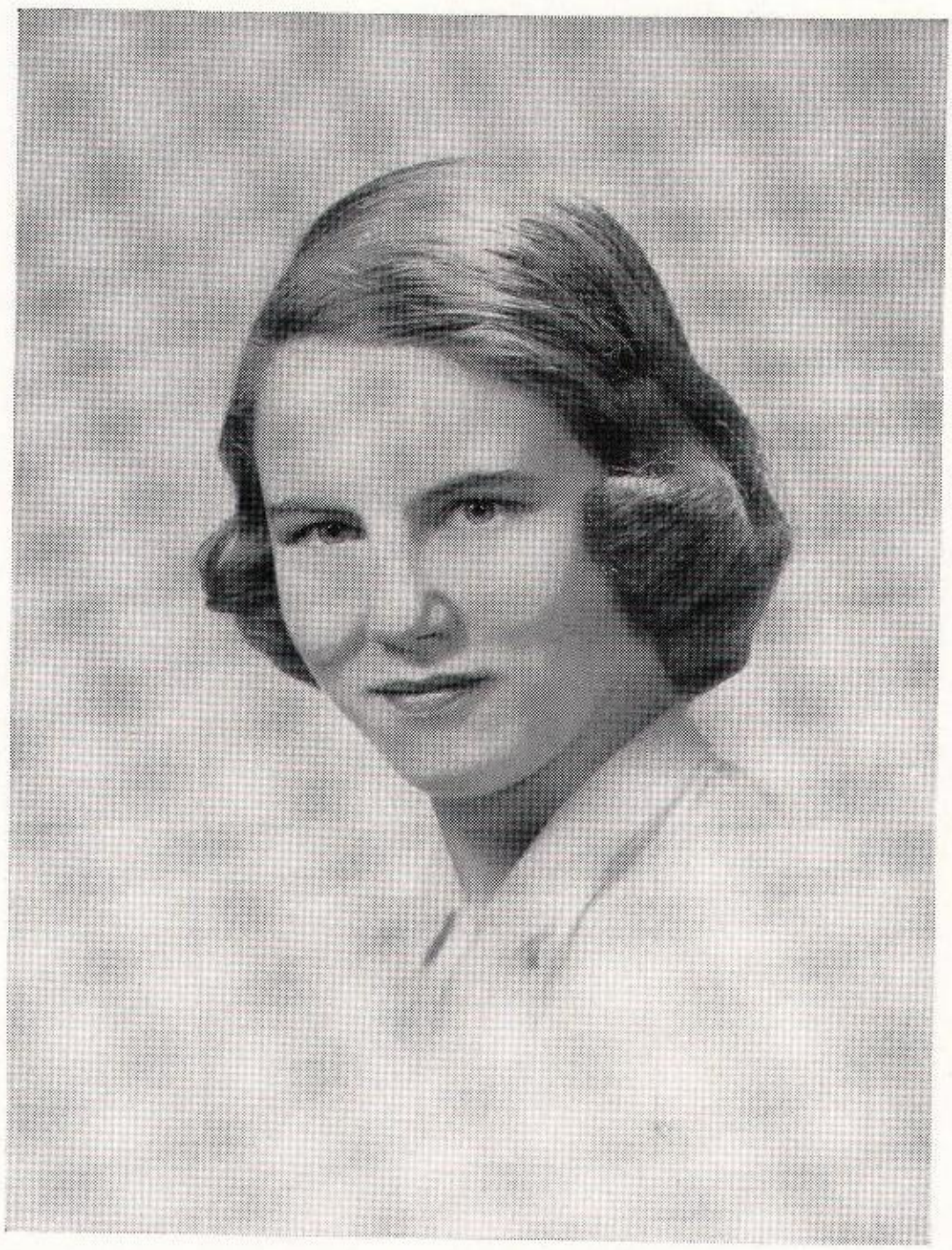
WHEN she takes a dance class for Mrs. Diaz and works as hard at teaching as she does at learning, it makes us think that Priscilla will be successful in modern dance, because of her perseverance and flowing interest in expressing herself through this medium. Priscilla's charm has its own inner quiet and studied quality that makes every moment of hers a dance, and every gesture a graceful yet subdued means of communication. *Paint and Putty, 4; Dance Club, 4, President, 2, Vice-president, 1; Dance Workshop, 3; French Club, 2.*



JOAN SHEILA ELBAUM

But he whose unborn worth his acts command,
Of gentle soul to human race a friend

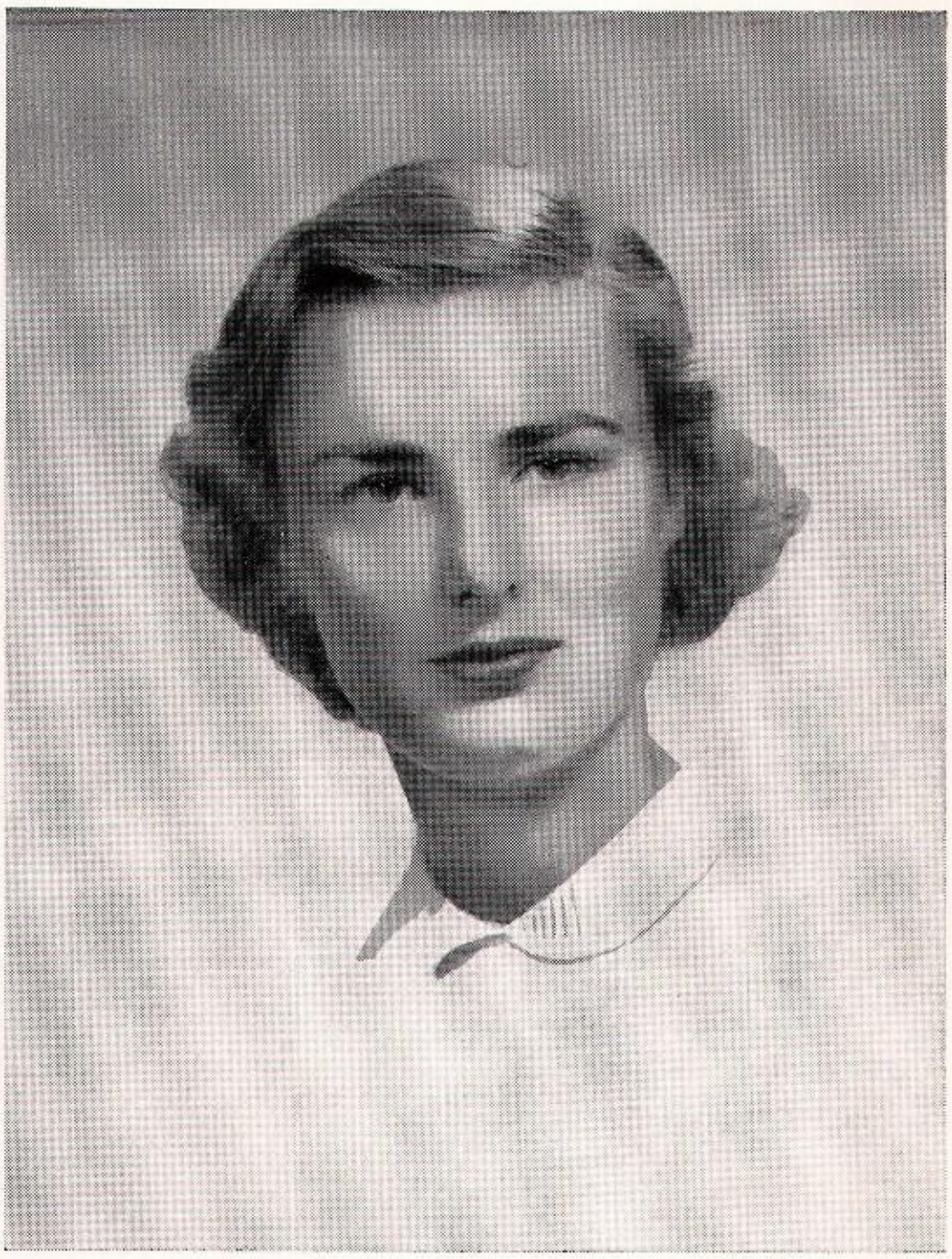
JOAN's artistic interests as shown by her work on the mural, on projects, on the Literary Supplement, '52, and *Oxfordian*, '53, serve as lasting tributes to her own talent and hard work. So many of the beauties of art are in her own voice, her eyes, her smile, that it is hard to see a single essence. Even in her questions or worries or confusions, there is appreciation of the goodness of love. The greatest art which she has given to us is that which we have found in knowing her. *Paint and Putty, 2; Oxfordian, Business Board, 1, Art Editor, 1; Music Workshop, 1; Art Workshop, 2; French Club, 1; Political Science Club, 2, Vice-president, 1; Foreign Policy Association, 2.*



NANCY ELLEN FAUST

Write me as one who loves his fellow men

NANCY has enthusiasm throughout her being, whether in a desire to help and know other people or in a striving to apply religion in her everyday life. She has become a vital part of Oxford by her ability to reach outward with a bubbling energy for work and thought. Her modesty is such that she doesn't realize it, but Nancy has those qualities of unselfishness and high integrity which she most admires in others. *Glee Club, 4; Chapel Choir, 2; Dance Club, 1; Chat, Reporter, 3, Editor-in-Chief, 1; Oxfordian, Literary Board, 4, Editor-in-Chief, 1; French Club, 2; Political Science Club, 1; Foreign Policy Association, 1.*



BETSEY BALDWIN FISHER

Yet richest the treasure
He found in his mind

FIRM, sure hands are drawing on a page; which one of Betsey's varied interests will this picture represent? We would expect her accurately to draw a sailboat, or a horse, or the face of a person who has interested her. Her interest in the face or the sailboat or the idea, however, does not end with its outlines, but goes on to the shading, and to the depth that comes from seeing in perspective. *Glee Club, 4; Paint and Putty, 2; French Club, 2.*

CAROLE ANN GOLDENTHAL

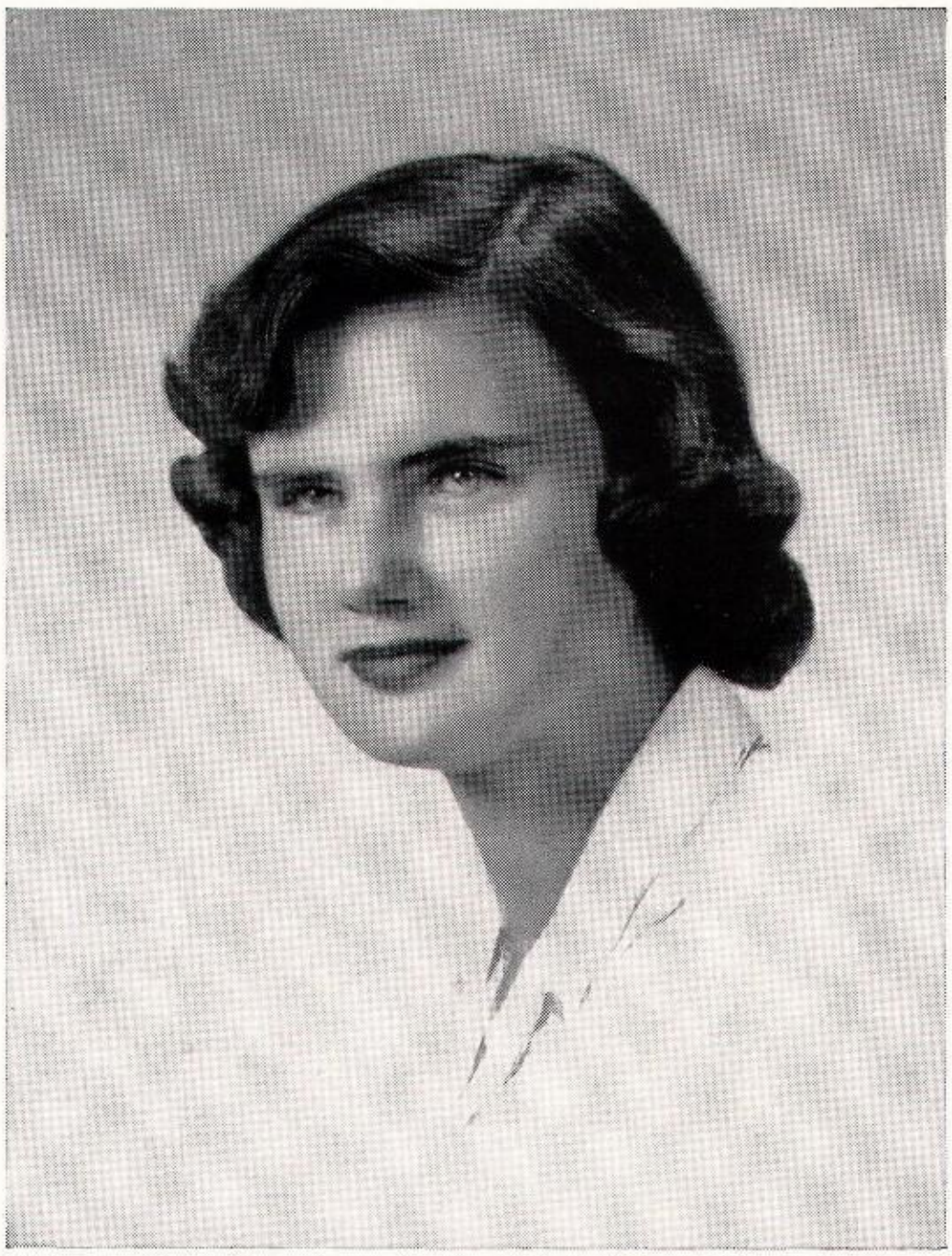
I would help others out of a fellow feeling

FEW really earn the adjective "cooperative", but Carole has, and with it she has earned our devotion and gratitude. Whether we want her to type *Oxfordian* copy, sell tickets to a play, or help clean up the lounge, her cheerful assent is unhesitating. She loves to use her abilities for the benefit of other people, and she works constantly to avoid errors in her own work. *Glee Club, 4; Paint and Putty, 2; Chat, Typist, 1; Oxfordian, Business Board, 1, Typist, 1; Music Workshop, 2; Dance Workshop, 1; French Club, 1; Foreign Policy Association, 1; Representative, Class XII; Oxford Council, 1.*

SABRA KEENE GRANT

She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone

SABRA's compassion for people makes itself felt in little ways, in thoughtful favors which she does, and kind words which she speaks. She provides us with a different view of many things; her remarks and questions are unusual and many times lead us into interesting and illuminating discussion. Whether Sabra is working on her secretary's notes, sewing on a new dress, or singing in an opera, she is interested in what she is doing in a way that makes others interested in her. *Glee Club, 4; Chapel Choir, 2; Dance Club, 3; Dance Workshop, 1; Art Workshop, 2; French Club, Secretary, 2; Political Science Club, Secretary, 2; Social Committee, 1; Chapel Chairman, 1; Foreign Policy Association, 1.*



CYNTHIA LEE HANSON

Nothing was ever achieved without enthusiasm

A BASEBALL bat, a hockey stick, and a ski pole should form the frame around Cynthia's pictures of life. Despite her cheerfully happy-go-lucky disposition, she is vitally important to the athletic organization of the school because of her interest, her dependability, and her continual striving for improvement, not only in others, but in herself. The hours when we have enjoyed singing around Cynnie and her guitar have contributed a great deal to class memories. *Glee Club, 2; Athletic Council, 2; Spanish Club, 2; Clef Club, 1; Class Captain, 2; Orange Team Captain, 1.*

JUNE JUDITH HEARD

While we converse with her, we mark
No want of day, nor think it dark

JUNE's prettiness lies in the mobility of her face and the large brown eyes whose expression can change from carefree indifference to warm-hearted interest even as we look at them. We think of June as sympathizing with our troubles, as dancing across a room, as giving us rides when we need them. Her hospitality and gaiety endear her to us and make her presence always welcome. *Dance Club, 4; Paint and Putty, 3; Oxfordian, Business Board, 1; French Club, 2; Clef Club, 1; Political Science Club, 2.*

BARBARA DAY HOOKER

Little friends may prove great friends

BARBIE'S quiet exterior covers a spirit which is vibrant and full. Her interests include everything from the ballet to the Scottish kilt; her awareness when people are concerned makes her sense their feelings; her modesty has made many of her own feelings a mystery to us. She works hard at contributing to the class and is an exceptionally loyal member of it. The short quick words which are her speech, and the toss of her head, stand as symbols of the activity of her mind. *Glee Club, 2; Paint and Putty, 2; Chat, Reporter, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; French Club, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Foreign Policy Association, 3.*

LOULIE GORDON HYDE

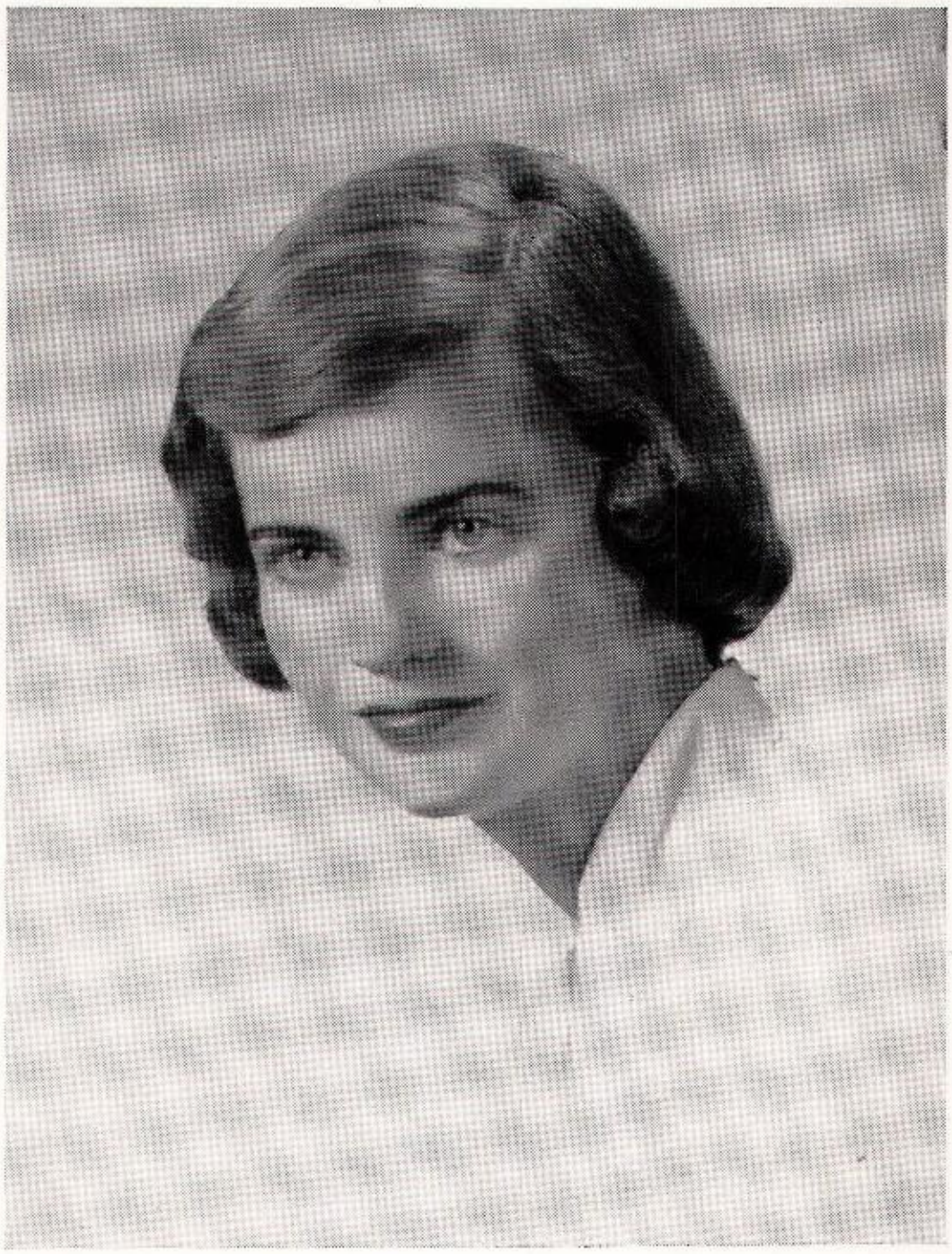
As fresh as when the first sunrise
Awoke the lark in paradise

LOULIE gets up from lunch early: "May I be excused? I have *so* much to do!" and indeed it seems as if we never see her without her arms full of important business. Loulie combines a genuinely compassionate nature with a business-like, efficient mind. We have found that they blend with perfect harmony. *Glee Club, 4; Paint and Putty, 2; Service Club, 2, Vice-president, 1, President, 1; Oxfordian, Literary Board, 2; Art Workshop, 1; French Club, 2, Vice-president, 1; Social Committee, 3; Foreign Policy Association, 2; Gray Team Class Captain, Class XI; Secretary, Class X; Oxford Council, 1.*

HOPE LOOMIS JOHNSON

Truth is the highest thing that man may keep

Hope's bright blond head leans over a stubborn problem or her hands deal with an uncontrollable hockey ball; conquering the obstinacy of them both, she shows us over and over again that where Hope's will is aroused, she finds a way. Her extreme conscientiousness, her quiet integrity, and her friendly concern are qualities which have added much to our lives. *Glee Club, 1; Athletic Council, 4, Secretary, 1, Vice-president, 2; Chat, Sports Editor, 1; Art Workshop, 1; French Club, 2.*



KATHLEEN GRACE JOHNSON

Goodness is beauty in its best estate

CLEVERNESS and femininity are Kay's — she can say volumes in a look. Kay likes to surprise and be surprised; her penchant for the unexpected is complemented by a quiet practicality in doing every-day routine things in a willing and calmly capable way. Simplicity of spirit and a dreaming sophistication are parts of Kay's personality; her contrasts work together in mature unity. *Paint and Putty, 2; Service Club, Secretary, 2; Chat, Reporter, 2; Oxfordian, Business Board, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; Art Workshop, 1; Dramatic Workshop, 1, Secretary, 1; French Club, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Foreign Policy Association, 2, Representative, 1; Secretary, Class IX.*

FAITH LEARNED

I love sometimes to doubt, as well as know

THOUGH she seems sophisticated or shy, Faith is really neither, but combines a sincere wish to help and understand with a quiet ambition always to do her best. Her expression of self through painting and writing gives us a glimpse of her imaginative mind and her power to reach out and understand the heart of a problem. Her informality puts everyone at ease and we all know that, even though she may forget her gloves, Faith will never forget to tell the truth as she sees it. *Glee Club, 3; Dance Club, 4; Chat, Reporter, 1; Oxfordian, Art Editor, 1; Art Workshop, 2; French Club, 2; Political Science Club, 2; Social Committee, 2; Clef Club, 1, President, 1.*

BARBARA ELIZABETH McBRIDE

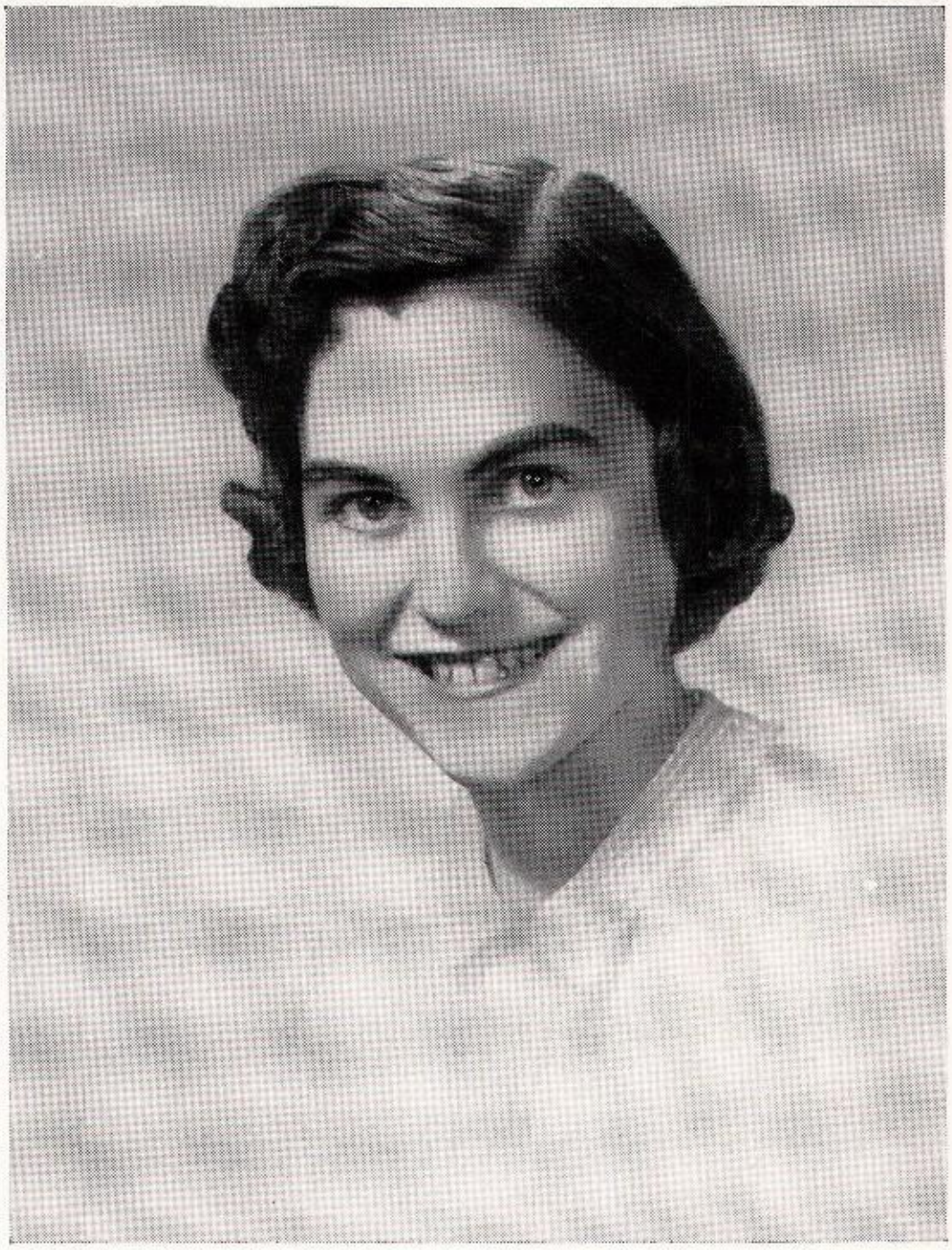
I shall light a candle of understanding in thine heart

INNER serenity and integrity are apparent in Barbie, and serve as the basis for her dealings with people. Her warmth and good judgment influence those who know her only slightly; to those who know her well, she is not only sincere and thoughtful but a symbol of the ideals she stands for. She is quiet yet determined to stand up for those things which she believes are right. *Glee Club, 2; Dance Club, 3; Chat, Managing Editor, 1, Literary Board, 1; Oxfordian, Feature Editor, 1, Literary Board, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; Art Workshop, 1; French Club, 1; Clef Club, 2; Chapel Committee, 2; Foreign Policy Association, 1.*

SHEILA ANN MAHONEY

He who loves goodness harbors angels,
reveres reverence, and lives with God

SHEILA comes to one's mind in a shower of sparkling bubbles and mischievous elves. She is as happy, as radiant, as the song of early morning, always light, fresh, lilting. There lies deep-down beneath her gaiety a disposition as calm and tranquil as ponds in the evening sunlight and as steady and lasting as truth and goodness themselves. *Glee Club, 1, Secretary-Treasurer, 1; Paint and Putty, 2; Oxfordian, Business Board, 2, Photography Editor, 1; French Club, 1.*



CAROLE LEHMAN MARKS

The soul of conversation is sympathy

AN ABILITY for public speaking, for diplomacy, and for recalling pertinent incidents makes Carole's stories of her trips interesting to us all. We have found that in her travelling, as in her living, she searches to find the whole picture and is anxious to test the generalization by experience. Nevertheless, we suspect that she is a homebody at heart, and that she thrives on security and the warmth which only home can provide. *French Club, 1; Oxfordian, Business Board, 2; Clef Club, 1; Political Science Club, 2.*

LAURA MARTYN

To know her well is to like her better

A SUDDEN burst of laughter, the sight of long beautiful blond hair, and suddenly Laura appears with her neat pile of books in the midst of the clutter of books in the lounge. Everything Laura undertakes she does carefully. Sometimes thoughtful and quiet, sometimes laughing in companionship with a friend, Laura is remembered for her consideration and cooperation. *Glee Club, 2; Dance Workshop, 2; Spanish Club, 2, President, 1.*

ROSAMOND IVES MINER

I count myself in nothing else so happy
As in a soul remembering my good friends

EVERYTHING that we say about Rozzy *really* says that she is a darling, that we have loved knowing her and enjoyed working and playing with her. We love, too, her thoughtfulness and her loyalty to her friends. Her laughter, the tones of voice which can add character to any colloquialism, her desire to be gay and make others gay, have put a brightness around Rozzy which outshines all her other virtues — and there are many. *Glee Club, 3; Paint and Putty, 3. Secretary, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; Political Science Club, 1; Foreign Policy Association, 2; Clef Club, 1; Dance Committee, 1.*

ELIZABETH ANN MIRABILE

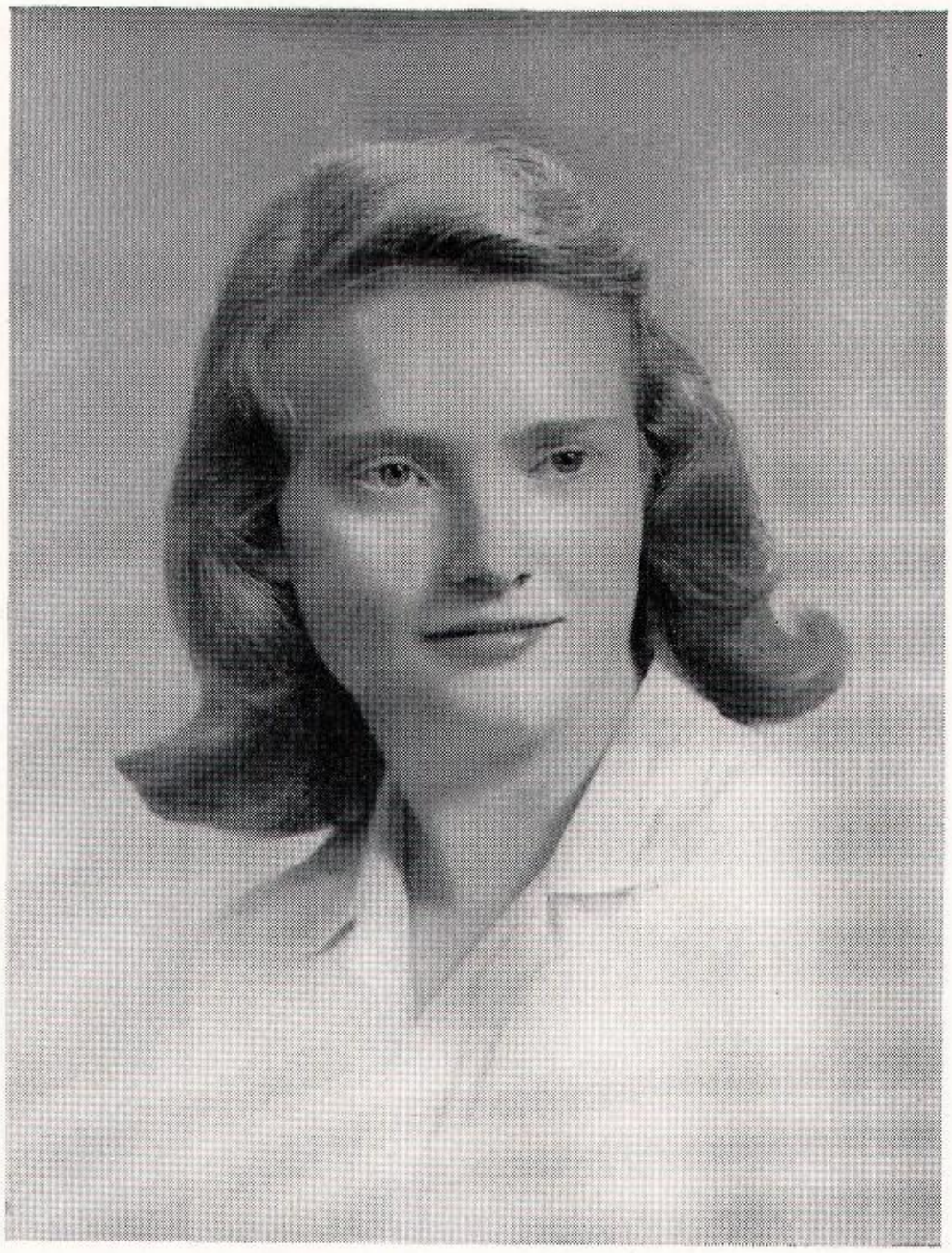
In thy face I see the map of honor, truth, and loyalty

ANNIE's devotion and constant good humor have won her an important place in our class and in our hearts. She has a sense of proportion towards learning and life which makes her a steadying influence on us all. We are grateful for her clarity of expression, delighted with her sincere modesty, and charmed by the love which lights her thoughts and heart. *Glee Club, 4, Chapel Choir, 1; Paint and Putty, 3; Chat, Feature Editor, 1; Oxfordian, Literary Editor, 1; French Club, 2; Political Science Club ,2; Secretary; Classes XI and XII.*

VITALINE O'CONNELL

The essence of humor is sensibility: warm, tender fellow feeling with all forms of existence

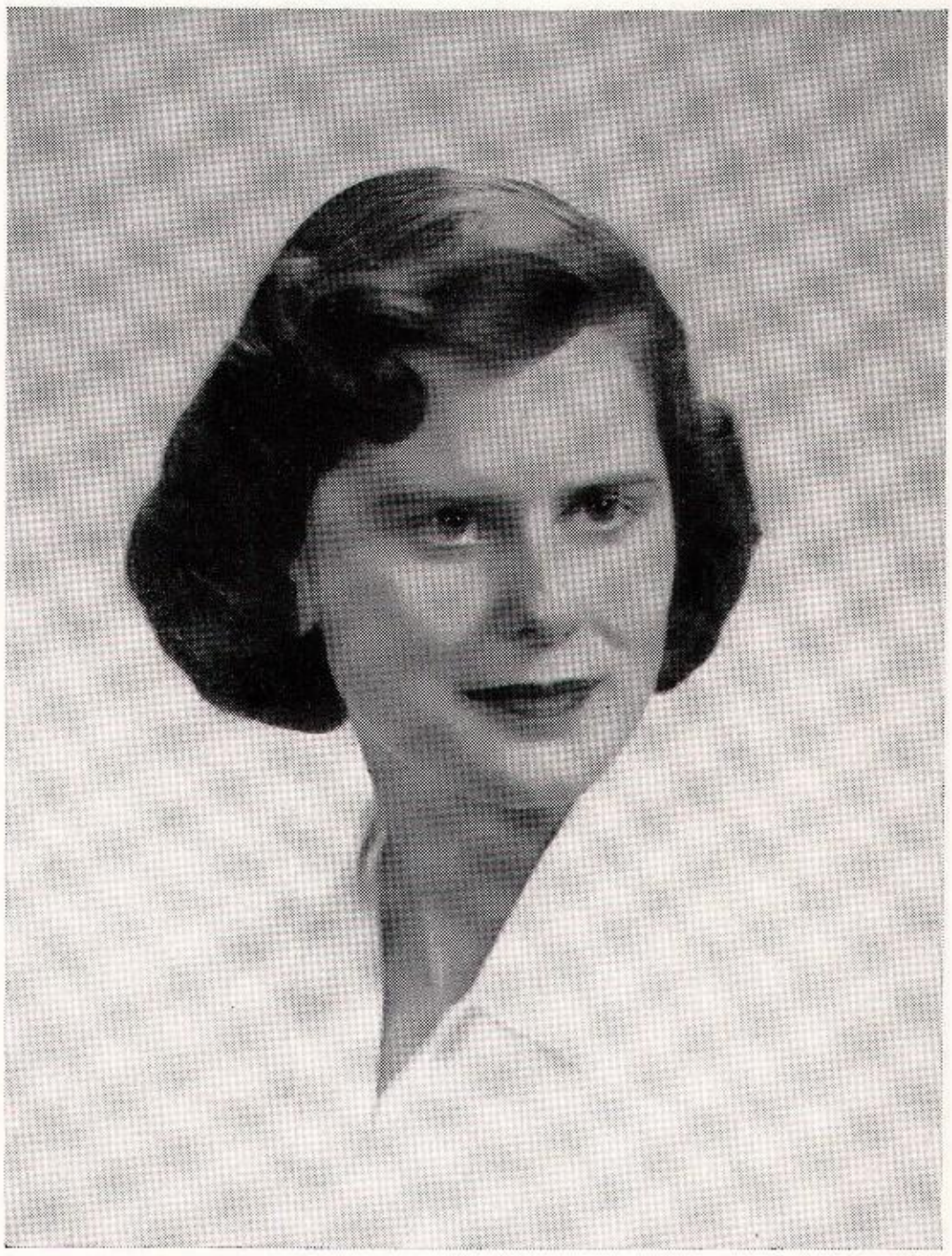
EVERY girl in the class, at some time, has surveyed her laughing classmates and thought: "How lucky we are to have Vitty!" The class owes a great deal of its unity to Vitty, for her wit has universal appeal, and we are united in our appreciation of it. As individuals, moreover, we are indebted to Vitty even more for her help when we are most in need, her little acts of thoughtfulness, and distinctive sense of responsibility. *Glee Club, 4; Chapel Choir, 4; Paint and Putty, 4, President, 2; Assistant Secretary-Treasurer, 1; Chat, Photography Editor, 1; French Club, 2; Class Captain, 1.*



MARY FLORA PEARSALL

It is a friendly heart that has plenty of friends

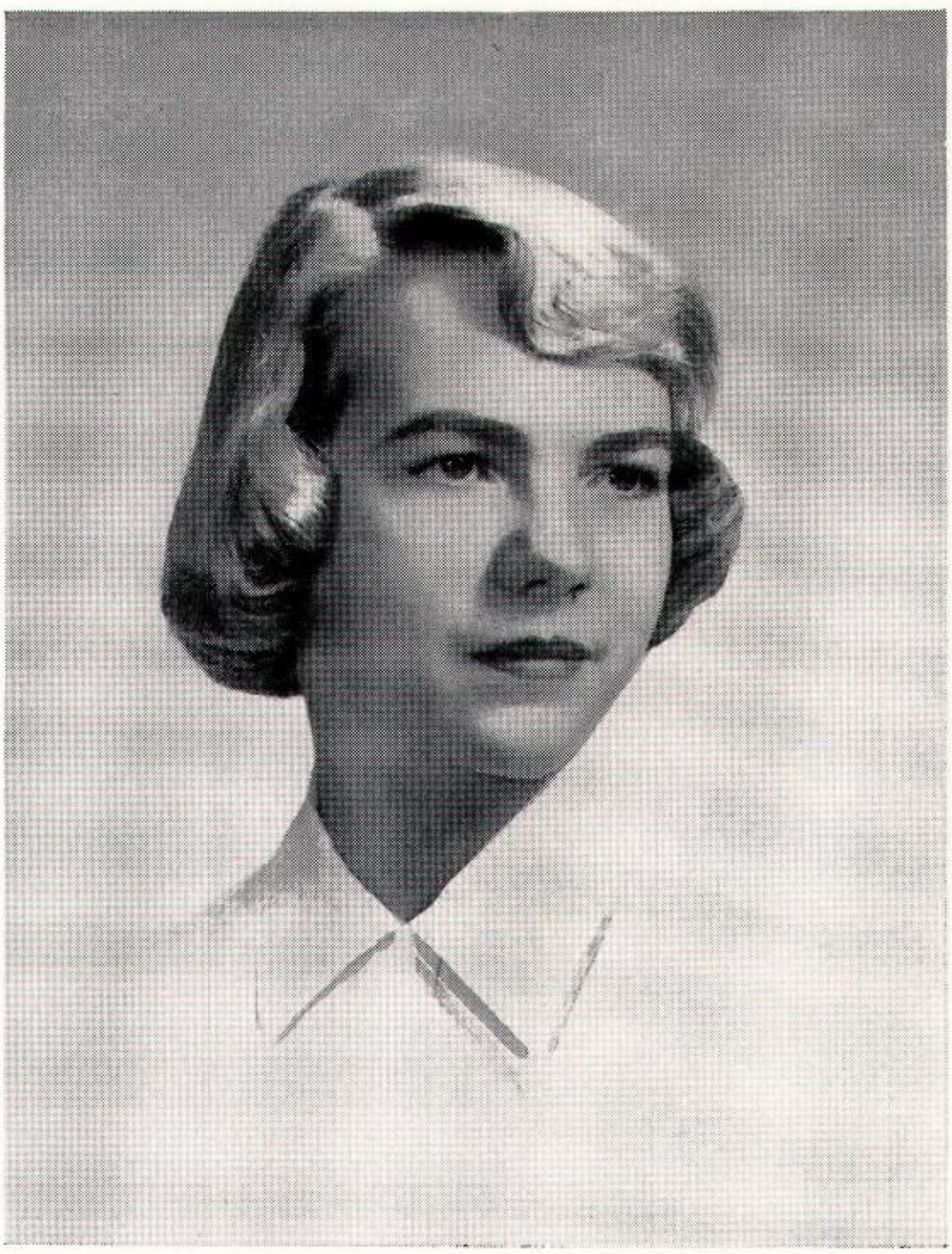
MARY at Oxford has lived up to the family standard, yet has filled a place all her own. Her good humor, high conscientiousness, and appealing reserve make us not only enjoy her presence but feel acutely aware of any absence. She has a devotion to her family, her responsibilities, and her school which earns her special respect and the loyal friendship of all. *Glee Club, 3; Chapel Choir, 1; Paint and Putty, 4, Treasurer, 1; Spanish Club, 2; Political Science Club, 2, Vice-president, 1, President, 1; Foreign Policy Association, 3, Student Representative, 1.*



ANN LOUISE PETERSON

Silence is more musical than any song

THERE is a light inside Ann which makes her face shine with inner beauty. We can only guess at the reason for this light, for she has a quiet modesty and a refreshing hesitation in talking about herself. We may suspect, however, that this light stems from her devotion to her friends, her high standards, and her mature way of dealing with problems. Like all lights, Ann's has been reflected on our faces also, and we have been inspired by her dignity and earnestness. *Paint and Putty*, 1; *Art Workshop*, 1; *French Club*, 1.



PAGE PHELPS

I feel a poem in my heart
But have no words to set it free

PAGIE's shy, pixie-like quality has given her a poignant charm unequalled by any of the rest of us. If her smile and sparkling eyes make us want to know what she is laughing at, she is always ready to share the fun. We remember Pagie playing hockey with a special spark, announcing meetings with her own gentle efficiency, and offering her house for class parties. *Glee Club, 1; Dance Club, 4, Vice-president, 1; Paint and Putty, 3; Athletic Council, 3, President, 1; Dance Workshop, 2; French Club, 2.*

PAMELA KNOX RAY

Amiability shines by its own light

PAM's efficiency has meant a great deal to her class; her quick and friendly smile and good-natured, diplomatic way make all feel at ease. Her hopes for a nursing career are well founded on a scientific mind and realistic way of looking at life. Pam's easy humor and practical intelligence make her a pleasant companion in chemistry lab, Paint and Putty rehearsal, or the Senior Lounge. *Paint and Putty, 2; Oxfordian, Business Board, 1; French Club, 1; Political Science Club, 1; Foreign Policy Association, 1.*

JOAN BRADBURY SAFFORD

To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again

JOAN counts time as hours to live, not hours to kill. She has a bubbling, effervescent personality, seasoned with quiet, thoughtful moods. A vivacious companion, loyal friend and capable worker, she is thoughtful of others and perceptive of their needs. Whether she is playing a role in an Oxford dramatic production or leading the council meeting with her warm and human touch. Joan is ever loved and respected. *Glee Club, 4; Chapel Choir, 2; Paint and Putty, 4; Athletic Council, 4; Oxfordian, Photography Board, 1; Art Workshop, 1; French Club, 2; Foreign Policy Association, 1; President, Class X; Vice-president, O.S.A., 1; President, O.S.A., 1; Oxford Council 3.*

JUDITH ANN SANSONE

Her voice was like the stars
Whenever they sang together

WHEN we think of Judy, we think of smiles, for even when she's serious, she cannot get the twinkle from her eyes. Around her is a radiance which comes from her eager interest in people and her love of gaiety and good times. Her ambition, her lovely singing voice and dramatic ability, and her hard work have shown us her serious side. *Glee Club, 3, Vice-president, 1; Chapel Choir, 2, Vice-president, 1; Dance Club, 1; Paint and Putty, 3; Chat, Typist, 1; Oxfordian, Business Board, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; Spanish Club, 1; Social Committee, 1.*

BEVERLY WELLONS SHULTZ

We know the truth not only by the reason, but by the heart

Music is dear to Beverly, and her devotion to it has manifested itself in her constant work in Glee Club, in her continued interest in the piano, and in her anxiety to further the appreciation and love of music here at Oxford. Bev wants the best for her class, and she is willing to work for it. She is protective, considerate and extremely cooperative, one of the nicest people to work with we know. *Glee Club, 4, President, 1, Secretary-Treasurer, 1; Chapel Choir, 3, President, 1; Dance Club, 1; Music Workshop, 1, Vice-president, 1; Dance Workshop, 1; French Club, 2; Athletic Council, 2.*

CYNTHIA ELISE SMITH

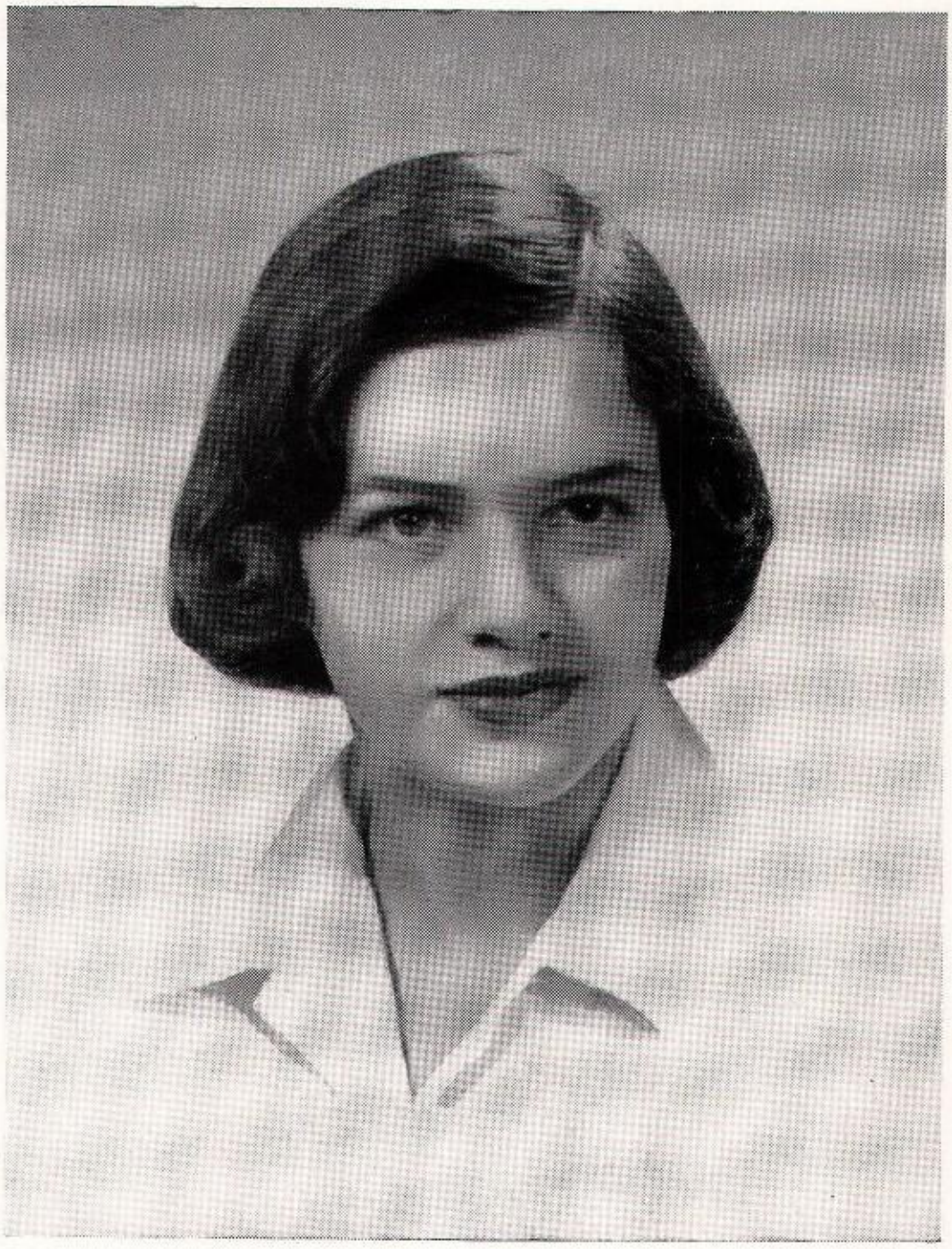
Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well

CYNTHIA has a quiet efficiency and a willingness to please which makes itself known when she is given a job which requires it. Her sense of individuality and her independence are a very vital part of her personality, as is her perception of people's feelings. A good conversationalist, she has found a common interest with almost everyone she knows. Her eagerness to be *doing* things makes her hands, head, and heart always busy. *Glee Club, 1; Chat, Circulation Editor, 1; Art Workshop, 1; Spanish Club, 2; Clef Club, 1.*

MARGARET JANE TATE

Thought is the labour of the intellect,
Reverie is its pleasure

To THINK of Maggie is to think of exuberance — the exuberance which brings life to all her dealings with people and delight to her friends. Her exuberance is even more arresting, moreover, because it is not shallow; behind it lie the searchings for right and the sincerity which only one with real convictions can attain. Her bustle, her laughter, her gaiety, then, are sustained by an inner spiritual strength. *Glee Club, 1; Dance Club, 4; Paint and Putty, 2; Chat, Alumnae Editor, 1; Oxfordian, Business Manager, 1; Dance Workshop, 2; French Club, 2; Clef Club, 1; Foreign Policy Association, 2; Vice-president, Classes IX, XI, and XII; Oxford Council, 3.*



WENDY OWEN WILLIAMS

I had three chairs in my house;
One for solitude, one for friendship, and one for society

THERE is not a moment in Wendy's life which can be termed a wasted one. Her mind, ever-curious toward aspects of this life which so absorb her, is never at rest, and she has a gaiety and love for people which makes knowing her a delight. Her versatility is such that she is equally at ease planting pansies, reading Shakespeare, or painting posters; her friendliness is such that she enjoys talking with people from two to ninety-two. *Glee Club, 4; Chapel Choir, 4, President, 1; Paint and Putty, 3; Chat, Reporter, 4, Assistant Editor, 1; Oxfordian, Associate Editor, 1; Music Workshop, 1; French Club, 2; Foreign Policy Association, 1; Representative, Class X; Secretary, O.S.A., 1; Oxford Council, 2; Chapel Chairman, 1; Social Chairman, 1.*

CLASS OF '53

1952-1953 AT OXFORD

From the first we all knew it would be a fine year,
And it lived up to our expectations;
With all of the working and playing right here,
We found we were *bored* by vacations!

The Oxford Art Gallery transformed us all
To Rembrandts and Dégas and others;
The Sym-phony orchestra boomed through the hall
With instruments strangely like Mother's.

The Fair was the biggest and best show on earth,
And all of the booths could show winners,
While off at the auction we witnessed the birth
Of the selling of faculty dinners.

The girls in the Glee Club were singing their parts
In November for *The Lowland Sea*-son;
You Can't Take It With You took all of our hearts;
We know P and P was the reason!

With praise of Dave Crockett we're nearly eccentric;
The Dance Club was right on its toes;
And speaking of dancing (and this is authentic),
Our pride in our dances still grows.

A fair plus a play plus a dinner and tea
Equals many good times and great fun;
And to use some more math, one nine five two and three
Makes the best of all years for each one!

THE LOUNGE OF '53

To some it would be an ordinary room. It is fifteen feet by thirteen, decorated in soft pinks and greys, really too small and crowded to hold thirty-six people. To the Class of '53 however, it has been special, something they have waited for, and one of those extraordinary things that lives up to all the expectations of it.

It has been a lot of fun, our year in the lounge, and it has been good for us too. Colleges say that to have a chance to regulate our own time and schedules will give us greater self-reliance and responsibility when we are not supervised. The lounge has also been a unifying agent, a place where personalities were revealed, friendships were found, and stories were told for all to hear. The lounge has made us, not a group of girls who were put together just because we were of the same age and grade, but a unit, a circle of friends.

The part the lounge has played in bringing us together is what we want to tell. In the morning, for instance, when we come in to find Mary Pearsall with her shoes off, sitting on the couch, we wonder what we should do without her cheery "hello", and the shyly quizzical expression on her face. There is Loulie, too, with the sweater and collar which make her look like a school-girl, which is, after all, what she is, and the papers and folders which make her look important, which is, after all, what she is, too. There is Rozzy, always worried about a problem, yet laughing, too, which makes her a symbol of delightful incongruity; and Olga warning us, reminding us, *pleading* with us to check in, while Margaret in her vice-presidential, tuneless way sings us the song about going to chapel.

Through the morning there are frantic rushings-in, trying to get books and get out in the shortest time; we remember Sandy, balancing her books precariously and losing all semblance of dignity, but getting to the third floor via the lounge in her allotted two minutes. All through the morning the lounge sees action: sometimes there are only Blannie and Wendy, talking about a deadly serious, fascinating problem; sometimes Joan and Nancy enter and convince the occupants that they have been evicted from their French class, only to return to class with the missing books in their arms. Faith and Vitty are there, in their famous insult matches; we cannot decide who wins, but we know that as an insulting team, they are tops.

After lunch there is a class meeting. Before it starts, Bridgehand Betsey, the lounge's epitome of the perfect player, finds three girls to join in a game of bridge with her. Carole joins because she is so cooperative, Kay because

she likes to be doing things, Sabra because it gives her a chance to talk to people. At any rate, the cards are obediently put away when our president calls the meeting to order.

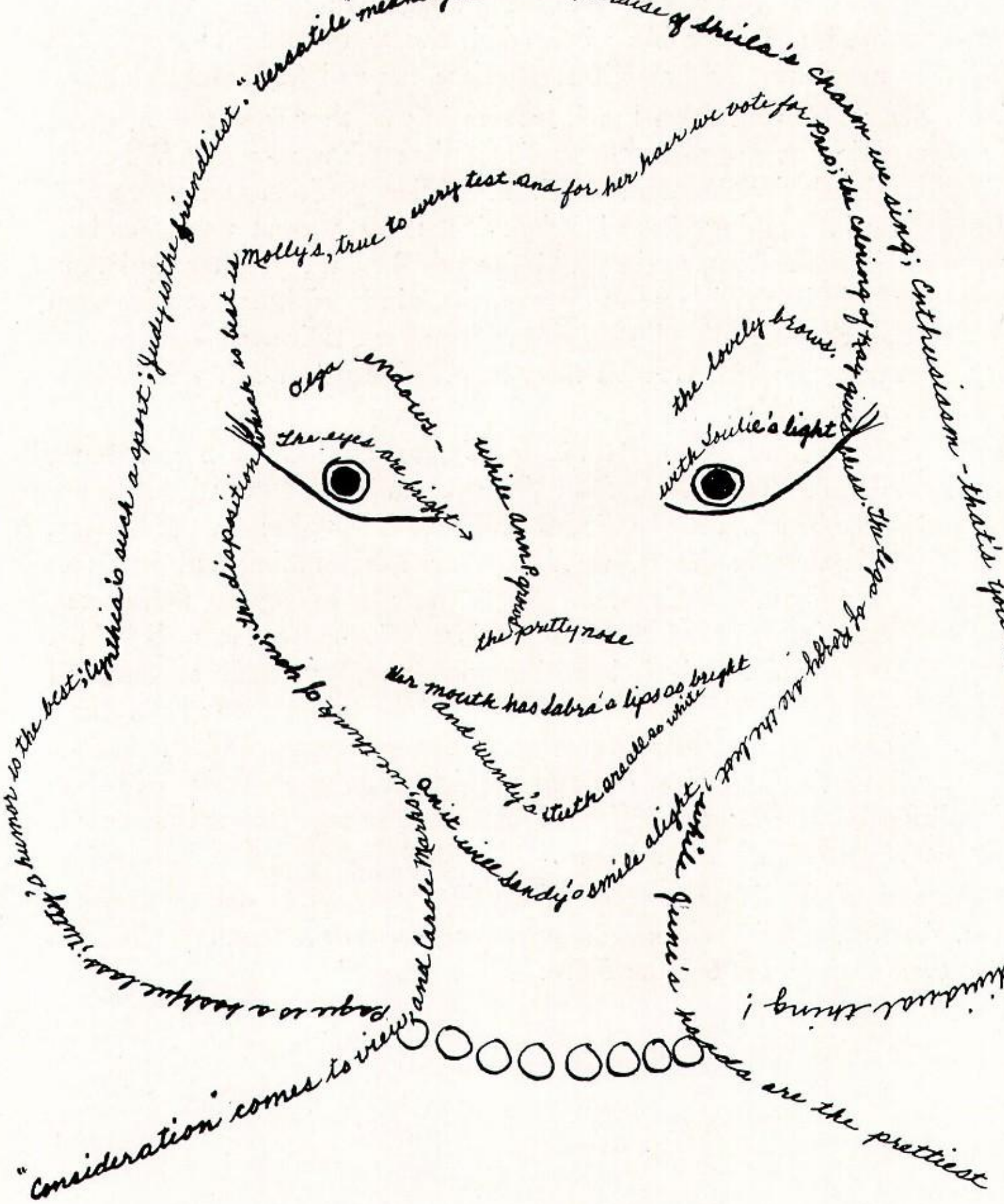
Then the lounge becomes a scene of battle. Hope and Harriet, Priscilla and Pagie all have things to say, pro and con. We begin to think that nothing is as confusing, as enraging, and interesting as the reasoning of high-school girls. However, like many good arguments, this one finds its end in compromise. The problem is settled, the tempers are soothed, and the bell has rung, usually five minutes before convenience would allow.

Molly has come back from lunch, reassuring us that yes, she *did* mail our letters, giving us the smile that tells us that she received one. Cynnie is collecting nickels for the pound with an efficiency which assures us that her future lies in banking. June laughs with us over some small incident which her wit makes interesting and funny; Barbara Hooker and Ann Peterson are quietly sharing news over on the windowsill, as the afternoon sun picks out the reddish glints in Barbie's dark hair and the smooth beauty of Ann's coloring. Laura's neat books give us an example of how neat the lounge *could* be.

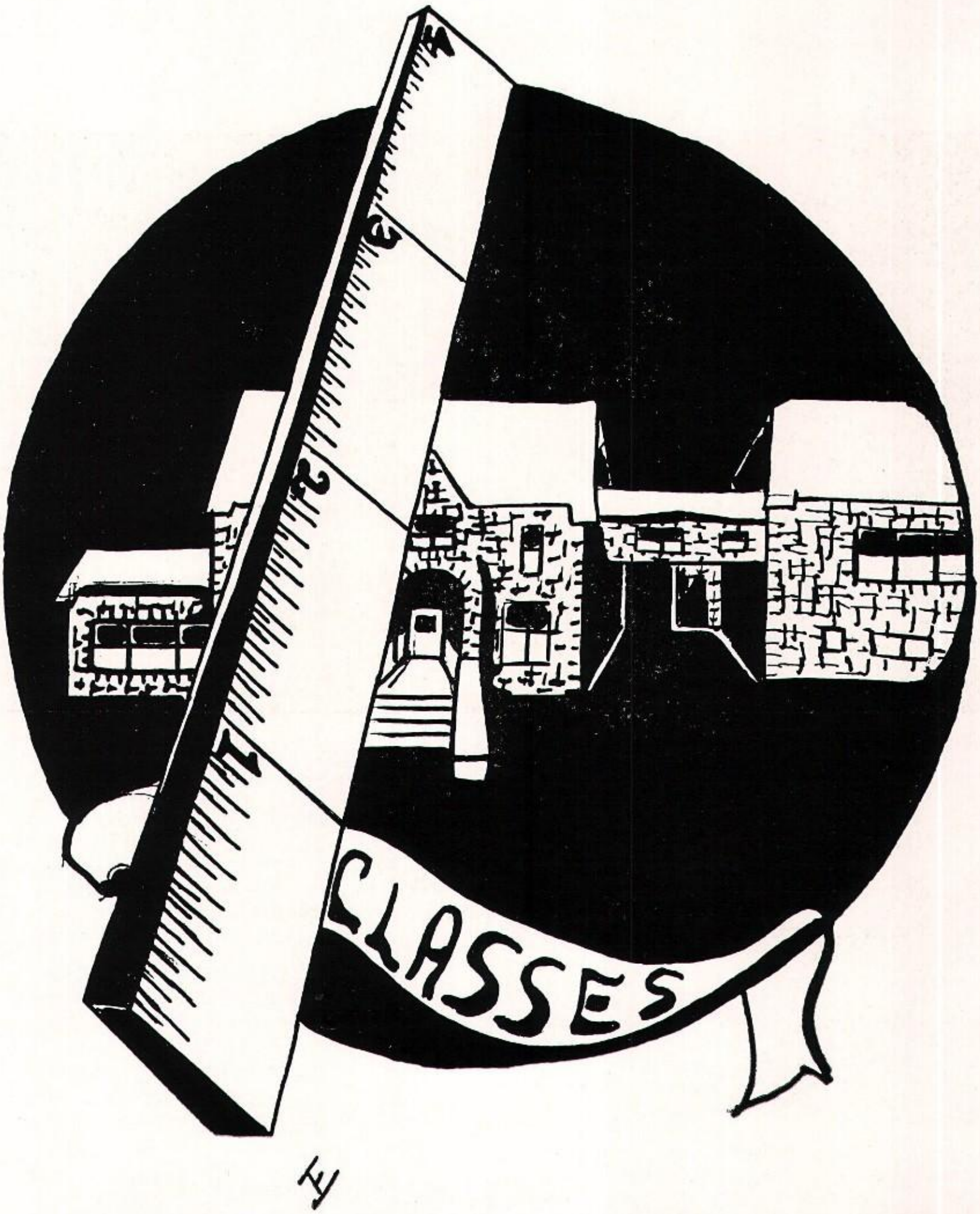
As the afternoon moves on, Pam leaves for the Red Cross Blood Bank, Sally for the basketball game, Joan for the study hall mural, with her smock and paint brush, and, finally, Barbie leaves for peace in the library. We must admit that at that time of day our noise-making activity is at its greatest. As Cynnie Smith asks Sheila how a spirogyra conjugates, Annie, with her face toward the wall, recites "To be or not to be" in a pleasant little mumble. Judy is laughing with Bev, and their teasing and laughter are indicative of the atmosphere in the lounge, one of natural and lazy friendliness and learning. Finally the bell rings, and the lounge fills with girls: girls putting on their coats, girls picking up their Glee Club music, girls talking and laughing, and filling the lounge to such an extent that it seems to tremble and resound.

At the end of the day the walls of the lounge seem to collapse, like a balloon. An atmosphere of unusual peace settles down. In the stillness a sign flutters on the lounge door: *Faith! Clean this up!*

The Ideal Senior


"Versatile" means Joan to us; Praise of Sheila's charm we sing; Enthusiasm - that's your name! and Faith, the
"Consideration" comes to view and Carole Marie's gracious air; Judy's the friendliest. "Versatile" means Joan to us;
"Dependable" is Cynthia to a tee; Cynthia is such a sport; Judy's the friendliest. "Versatile" means Joan to us;
Pauline's humor is the best; Cynthia is such a sport; Judy's the friendliest. "Versatile" means Joan to us;
Molly's, true to every test and for her hair we vote for Pat; the shining of Kay Sue's tresses. The lips of
the disposition Olga has is just as sweet as Molly's, true to every test and for her hair we vote for Pat; the shining of Kay Sue's tresses. The lips of
Olga endows - the lovely brows. Ruth's dark eyes, like slate, with
the eyes are bright - with Louise's light while Ann's quaint
the pretty nose Her mouth has Sabra's lips as bright
and Wendy's teeth are all as white
One's smile will Sandy's smile alight, while Jane's hands are the prettiest
Pauline's laughter rings; Marjorie's modulated voice is a
Pauline's laughter rings; Marjorie's modulated voice is a
"Consideration" comes to view and Carole Marie's gracious air; Judy's the friendliest. "Versatile" means Joan to us;

Faith and Sheila


CLASSES

CLASS VII

Left to Right — First Row: Merle Singer, Anne Van Winkle, Barbara Williams, Elinor Ellsworth (Vice President), Hester Pepper, Patricia Marvin. *Second Row:* Helen Winter, Ardelle Fenn, Sally Storrs, Jane Wright (President), Sarah Cooley, Carol McCrann (Junior O.S.A. Representative), Lisa Smith (Vice President of Junior O.S.A.). *Third Row:* Elise Hooker, Maria Frese, Linda Gwinn, Tonia Carvalho, Gay Moore (Treasurer), Susan Lehrer, Susan Bitter, Nancy Dow (Secretary), Susan Shapiro.

CLASS VIII

Left to Right — First Row: Juliette Anthony, Sally Walton, Susan Wilkins, Jane Whittlesey, Bonnie Stretch, Jane Gibson, Linda Myers, Phyllis Chapman, Beckett Banfield. *Second Row:* Judith Brainerd (Representative), Nancy Middlebrook, Beverly Johnson, Anne Landry (Secretary-Treasurer), Nancy Irwin, Elizabeth Darling, Anne Batterson, Jill Williams, Judith Lee, Roberta Wawro. *Third Row:* Betsy Peck (Vice President), Alexandra Chafee, Dorothy Stearns, Sherrod Salsbury, Melinda Murphy, Rachel McCormick, Maria Hincks, Gail Baker. *Absent:* Deborah Bland (President), Susan Walker.

CLASS IX

Left to Right — First Row: Sandra Martin, Alice Butler, Nancy Hirshberg, Edith Wilcock, Jane Cady (President), Joanne Berger, Cynthia Kohn, Susan Taylor (Secretary-Treasurer), Pamela Day. *Second Row:* Patricia Hanson, Roberta Dick, Leonice Knox, Sandra Travis, Jane Brandon, Mary Ellen Blumenfeld, Helen Farquhar, Priscilla Prentice, Beatrice Lodge. *Third Row:* Heidi Wood, Nancy Austin, Lucy Ann Read, Elizabeth Gordon (Vice President), Deborah McBride, Judith Faust, Jane Andrews, Eunice Strong. *Absent:* Sally David (O.S.A. Representative).

CLASS X

Left to Right — First Row: Alison Scoville, Harriet Perlysky, Elizabeth Brown, Helene Liberson (O.S.A. Representative), Constance Strike (President), Bettina Thomas (Vice President), Jean Van Derlip, Nancy McGann, Suzanne Hammond. *Second Row:* Jenifer Gordon, Suzanne Johnson (Secretary-Treasurer), Smedley Chapman, Diana Burke, Sharon Smith, Margot Roby, Carol Goodman, Kate Van Winkle, Holiday Smith, Corinne Volpe. *Third Row:* Sally Clark, Martha Palmer, Isabel Felty, Sally Holt, Barbara Snow, Suzanne Scherer, Barbara Dunnell, Elizabeth Fried, Louise Heublein, Judith Hasselbrack. *Absent:* Alicia Dauch.

CLASS XI

Left to Right, First Row: Katrina McLane, Sheila Hirschfeld, Miriam Ford, Sherry Banks (Secretary-Treasurer), Sandra Solly (President), Susan Safford (Vice President), Cassandra Sturman (O.S.A. Representative), Ann Whitman, Mary Fluty. *Second Row:* Hope Learned, Elizabeth Sisbower, Patricia Hibben, Pauline McCance, Lois Delaney, Caroline January, Lois Levin, Eleanor Brainard, Dixie White, Katherine Prior. *Third Row:* Myrna Horowitz, Nancy Cady, Roxanne Richards, Marjorie Harvey, Gail Myers, Susan Carvalho, Pamela Connolly, Lois Eckert, Julia Green. *Absent:* Sally Devlin.

CLUBS

OXFORD COUNCIL

Left to Right — First Row: Susan Safford, Cassandra Sturman, Sandra Gladstein (Treasurer), Wendy Williams (Secretary), Joan Safford (President), Sheila Hirschfeld (Vice President), Olga Campaine, Margaret Tate. *Second Row:* Miss Hall, Sandra Solly, Loulie Hyde, Miss Graff, Carole Goldenthal, Page Phelps, Bettina Thomas, Miss Evans. *Third Row:* Helene Liberson, Jane Cady, Constance Strike, Elizabeth Gordon. *Absent:* Sally David.

ATHLETIC COUNCIL

Left to Right — First Row: Tonia Carvalho, Hope Johnson, Miss Lasell, Page Phelps (President), Marjorie Harvey. *Second Row:* Susan Taylor, Susan Safford, Pamela Day, Jane Cady, Suzanne Hammond, Jennifer Gordon, Alice Butler. *Third Row:* Mary Fluty, Joan Safford, Maria Hincks, Cynthia Hanson, Elizabeth Gordon, Judith Faust, Beverly Shultz.

CHAPEL CHOIR

Left to Right — First Row: Joan Safford, Vitaline O'Connell, Kate Van Winkle, Wendy Williams (President), Pauline McCance, Sabra Grant. *Second Row:* Katherine Prior, Ann Mirabile, Barbara Dunnell, Gail Myers, Susan Carvalho, Beverly Shultz, Cassandra Sturman. *Third Row:* Judith Faust, Holiday Smith, Olga Campaine, Lois Levin, Margot Roby, Priscilla Prentice.

CHAT BOARD

Left to Right — Front Row: Marjorie Harvey, Susan Carvalho, Miss Gibney, Caroline January (Editor), Mary Fluty (Assistant Editor), Roxanne Richards. *Second Row:* Elizabeth Peck, Pamela Connolly, Hope Learned, Eleanor Brainard, Cassandra Sturman.

POLITICAL SCIENCE CLUB

Left to Right — First Row: Joan Elbaum, Sabra Grant, Harriet Clifford, Mary Pearsall (President), Miss Hall, Mary Davis, Rosamond Miner. *Second Row:* Kathleen Johnson, June Heard, Ann Mirabile, Barbara Hooker, Miriam Ford, Sheila Hirschfeld, Susan Carvalho. *Third Row:* Faith Learned, Nancy Faust, Pamela Ray, Bland Dew, Olga Campaine, Roxanne Richards, Dixie White. *Absent:* Carole Marks.

CLEF CLUB

Left to Right — First Row: Mary Ellen Blumenfeld, Deborah McBride, Miss Deckelman, Bettina Thomas (President), Julia Green, Miriam Ford, Katrina McLane. *Second Row:* Harriet Perlysky, Jennifer Gordon, Suzanne Johnson, Cynthia Smith, Diana Burke, Smedley Chapman, Dixie White. *Third Row:* Elizabeth Sisbower, Lois Delaney, Constance Strike, Helen Farquhar, Nancy Cady.

FRENCH CLUB

First Row — Left to Right: Sabra Grant, Pamela Ray, Mme. LaBrecque, Miss Harry, Mary Davis (President), Mrs. Dexter, Olga Campaine, Harriet Clifford, Kathleen Johnson. *Second Row:* Margaret Tate, Joan Elbaum, Priscilla Dimock, Bland Dew, Wendy Williams, Barbara Hooker, Sandra Gladstein, Sheila Mahoney, Loulie Hyde, Rosamond Miner, Hope Johnson. *Third Row:* June Heard, Vitaline O'Connell, Barbara McBride, Faith Learned, Page Phelps, Carole Goldenthal, Joan Safford, Ann Mirabile, Nancy Faust, Betsey Fisher, Beverly Shultz. *Absent:* Carole Marks, Sally Gershel.

SPANISH CLUB

Left to Right — First Row: Lois Delaney, Roxanne Richards, Laura Martyn (President), Mrs. Paul, Sandra Solly, Sheila Hirschfeld. *Second Row:* Mary Pearsall, Cynthia Hanson, Cynthia Smith, Sally Holt, Sharon Smith, Judith Sansone, Jean Van Derlip, Nancy Cady.

CHAPEL COMMITTEE

Left to Right — First Row: Sabra Grant (Chairman), Barbara McBride. *Second Row:* Eunice Strong, Ann Whitman, Louise Heublein.

SERVICE CLUB EXECUTIVE BOARD

Left to Right — First Row: Susan Safford, Loulie Hyde (President), Constance Strike. *Second Row:* Kathleen Johnson, Maria Hincks, Miss Jarrell, Miss Hamilton, Rachel McCormick.

DANCE CLUB

Left to Right — First Row: Harriet Clifford, Olga Campaine, Sheila Hirschfeld, Priscilla Dimock (President), Mrs. Diaz, Sherry Banks, Ann Whitman, Elizabeth Brown. *Second Row:* Caroline January, Pauline McCance, Margaret Tate, Jane Cady, Cynthia Kohn, Patricia Hanson, Helene Liberson, Heidi Wood, Sandra Travis, Lois Levin. *Third Row:* Sandra Gladstein, Judith Sansone, Sabra Grant, Pamela Connolly, Faith Learned, June Heard, Barbara McBride, Page Phelps, Beatrice Lodge. *Absent:* Sally Gershel.

ART WORKSHOP

Left to Right — First Row: Lisa Scoville, Katrina McLane, Elizabeth Sisbower, Cynthia Kohn, Elizabeth Brown, Patricia Hanson, Susan Taylor, Joanne Berger, Pauline McCance. *Second Row:* Nancy Austin, Caroline January, Smedley Chapman, Mary Ellen Blumenfeld, Mrs. Wilson, Carol Goodman, Elizabeth Gordon, Eleanor Brainard, Roxanne Richards. *Third Row:* Eunice Strong, Barbara Dunnell, Louise Heublein, Nancy Cady, Pamela Connolly, Cynthia Smith, Julia Green, Ann Peterson.

PAINT AND PUTTY

Left to Right — First Row: Katrina McLane, Alice Butler, Priscilla Dimock, Olga Campaine, Joan Elbaum, Margaret Tate, Hope Learned, Ann Whitman, Wendy Williams, Bland Dew, Rosamond Miner, Pamela Ray, Judith Sansone, Edith Wilcock. *Second Row:* Susan Taylor, Elizabeth Sisbower, Smedley Chapman, Suzanne Hammond, Mary Fluty, Jennifer Gordon, Vitaline O'Connell (President), Mrs. Gavert, Suzanne Johnson, Sandra Travis, Pamela Day, Martha Palmer, Elizabeth Gordon, Constance Strike. *Third Row:* Helen Farquhar, Sheila Mahoney, Loulie Hyde, Sandra Solly, Marjorie Harvey, Carole Goldenthal, Eleanor Brainard, Roxanne Richards, Jane Andrews, Suzanne Scherer, June Heard, Sally Clark, Lois Delaney, Eunice Strong. *Fourth Row:* Nancy Cady, Gail Myers, Page Phelps, Susan Carvalho, Pamela Connolly, Joan Safford, Mary Pearsall, Ann Mirabile, Julia Green, Bettina Thomas, Judith Hasselbrack, Betsey Fisher, Mary Davis, Kathleen Johnson. *Absent:* Sally David.

GLEE CLUB

Left to Right — First Row: Sandra Martin, Olga Campaine, Barbara Hooker, Cassandra Sturman, Susan Safford, Helene Liberson, Jane Brandon, Pauline McCance, Rosamond Miner, Sabra Grant, Wendy Williams. *Second Row:* Carol Goodman, Kate Van Winkle, Holiday Smith, Margot Roby, Lucy Ann Read, Beverly Shultz (President), Sharon Smith, Sheila Mahoney, Loulie Hyde, Lois Levin, Sandra Gladstein. *Third Row:* Sandra Solly, Carole Goldenthal, Laura Martyn, Cynthia Hanson, Gail Myers, Barbara Dunnell, Susan Carvalho, Joan Safford, Elizabeth Fried, Louise Heublein, Vitaline O'Connell. *Fourth Row:* Faith Learned, Barbara McBride, Mary Davis, Priscilla Prentice, Nancy Faust, Mary Pearsall, Ann Mirabile, Hope Johnson, Judith Faust, Betsey Fisher, Katherine Prior.

LITERATURE

THE DREAM

WENDY WILLIAMS, Class XII

I Thousands of suns,
Conflicting, converging,
Rushing in red battalions,
Streaming and shocking,
Multiplying, merging . . .
Suns in my brain, in my dream.

Terror of power,
Fear of strangeness,
Piercing my apathy, my calm,
Chilling and choking,
Grasping, groping . . .
Terror of sun, of future.

II The dream came like a great beast;
The suns rose in droves from the east;
The earth crouched in a dull hole
And man burrowed . . . blind, as a mole . . .
The sins loomed in the bright sky
And men screamed; and wondered why
Life, death, — and a black fate.
The suns swallowed earth . . . and the late
Birds fluttered and tried to sing —
And the fire seared each wing.

THE INVADERS

LOUISE HEUBLEIN, Class X

The shack was dwarfed by the huge western pines surrounding it. It was called a soddy, made by piled sod bricks. Usually soddies had no windows or second floors. Occasionally the larger ones had these, as did the one we three approached on horseback. After tying our horses to a broken-down hitching post, we walked silently to the door, a feeling of awe stirring in us.

The wooden door opened, accompanied by the scratching sound of rusted iron. We entered warily, for a sense of suspicion hovered low over us. The streak of light from the open door gave a somewhat eerie aspect to the musty smelling room before us. A mutilated table and chair reclined in the half-light amongst small heaps of rubble. A great dusty cobweb ornamented and joined the chair and table. A black spider, startled by the suddenness of our appearance, moved quickly and expertly across his dusty roadway to the shelter of a crack in the chair.

The ladder to the second floor was discovered. The lightest girl mounted it and soon disappeared into the black hole above. When I reached the second floor, the first thing I saw was a big brown trunk squatting in the gloom of a far corner. As I moved toward it I felt the darkest shadows leave the corners to trail at my back, running icy fingers up it. All three of us knelt at the trunk speaking in whispers. What was it about the shack? We all felt the baleful influence the place exerted over us. "How silly we are," someone said. We laughed nervously, increasing the volume of our voices. Just then a rustling was heard coming from the inside of the trunk.

A few minutes later, the soddy was free of three young girls who had interrupted the peacefulness of its routine. The mice in the trunk rested now, content, for the sound of the hoof-beats of three rapidly departing horses grew dimmer and dimmer.

TIGER CAT

JOAN SAFFORD, Class XII

Sphinx-like, with brimstone glance,
Our tiger cat drowses in a necromancer's sun.

Intently crouched and prism eyed,
Twitching tail,

With ears smoothed back; velvet,
Steam-motivated,

Sphinx-like, with brimstone glance,
Our tiger cat drowses in a necromancer's sun.

MY BROTHER MIKE

JANE WRIGHT, Class VII

Tommy has a red fire truck,
Richard has a bike,
Johnny has a rocking horse,
But I have brother Mike.

I don't have a fire truck,
Nor do I have a bike,
But do they have the fun that I
Have with brother Mike?

THE DEPARTURE

SABRA GRANT, Class XII

The sky was cloudless and deep as I ran down to the beach in the morning. Although the dry grass bit and pinched my bare feet and I stubbed my toes on the rocky road, today these small tortures were pleasure. The air was fresh and clean from the storm the night before. Each breath was a treat. The day was cool but the sun warmed my arms and face with a drowsy heat. The crickets were droning. I quickened my step, unable to wait for the glimpse of the coastal waters. The angry sea fought the giant rocks which barred her path to the beach, sending up large bursts of spray. As the waves hit the sand, the spray filled the air and fell gently all around me. The sand was warm and squeaked with my feet as I moved along the beach, while my toes dug deep into the cool sand beneath the warm surface. I played tag with the waves, running out after them, then back, not letting the surf catch my heels. Touched by the water the sand was like gray velvet. The impressions that my feet made on the wet sand were instantaneous. Suddenly I heard the disagreeable sound of a horn. I gazed at the ocean, then turned my back on the shore for the summer.

TWO IMPRESSIONS

PRISCILLA DIMOCK, Class XII

I

I long to paint a picture of warm sun
beating on ebony skin,
Of ebony bodies running free on
yellow sanded plains,
And unquelled laughter reaching out
to grasp the onlooker.

II

Hate is strong when it surrounds a heart
That beats but is not free;
Hate is a wall which has no door.

LETTER TO SANTA

NANCY AUSTIN, Class IX

DEAR SANTA,

I haven't been as good this year;
In fact, I've been quite bad!
I haven't done what Mommy said,
And disobeyed my dad.
But gosh, it's awful hard for me
To do the things I should.
I guess I'm naturally inclined
Against things which are good.
But, Santa, if you understand,
And if you want to leave
A little present at my house,
I'll be good Christmas Eve!
So Goodbye, Santa, 'til next year
When I will write again.

P.S. — I think my daddy wants
A small electric train.

NATURE'S SONG

EDITH WILCOCK, Class IX

The woods were quiet, dense, and still that day.
The fox, low nosed, was following a trail.
The wood duck voiced its call and ducked its head
Beneath the ripples of the lonely pond.
A striped fish came up to nose the air.
The sounds of nature were a lovely song.
The crickets chirped a carefree tune among
The drones of busy bees. Some birds also
Were adding to the orchestra of these.
The sounds of nature were a lovely song.

THE TREE IN THE MEADOW

SALLY DEVLIN, Class XI

It stands alone now,
Forlornly stretching its branches toward the sky above,
And surveying the hard frozen earth below
With the air of a proud, noble giant.

It doesn't seem to care
That the biting wind
Has recently robbed it
Of its glorious attire.

As the snow flakes filter through its branches
To rest on its unfeeling limbs,
They seem to form a protective coat,
But are soon swept away with the again robbing wind.

Still it stands bravely,
Unmoved by the force of the bitter wind;
Knowing, by the knowledge of years,
That its blooming time shall come again.

THOSE EYES

JILL WILLIAMS, Class VIII

Her eyes are blue and though they
are,
They tell not the future, near nor
far.
Her eyes tell nothing of joyful
surprise,
Blank and patient, monotonous
eyes!
Those eyes show nothing, but her face
is kind,
For troubled they are — those eyes are
blind.

NEVER KNEW I THIS

LUCY ANNE READ, Class IX

I heard a soft and cooing loving sigh
One dark and cold and windy winter night
As I stood leaning by the stable door.
Becoming curious, I looked inside.
I saw a small Child crying in the hay;
Surrounded by the ox and sheep He lay
Clothed in swaddling clothes by His mother's side.
His soft blue shining eyes were open wide.
He seemed to stop His crying suddenly.
And as He did, I looked against the sky,
In time to see the figures of three men.
I think they were on camels drawing nigh.
I ran from where I stood to look again.
I saw that they were Wise Men bearing gifts.
I asked myself what mystery could this be?
And wondered why the Child lay in the hay.
I never knew that this was Christmas Day.

THE BREAKING OF A STORM

Heidi Wood, Class IX

It was a cool September evening, and a brisk breeze was blowing from the sea. As I walked along the beach, the white sand was blown up around me and formed small mounds. In the distance, I could see the fog creeping its way into the coast. As the wind grew stronger, I saw whitecaps forming on the sea — whitecaps that looked like birds being tossed up and down on the waves. The surf was breaking higher and higher to where I stood on the rocks. As it rolled back into the sea, only to become larger waves, it left masses of green and brown leathery seaweed behind.

Within half an hour the storm had broken. Waves were crashing against the cliffs on the beach, and ocean spray was thrown into the air. Torrents of rain were pouring down to make the sea higher and hurl those tremendous waves. The sand was no longer blown into mounds because it had been drenched down by the raging sea. The fog had crept in and covered the whole beach. Warnings were sounded out by all fog horns. I could see vaguely through the fog the flickering of a light from the nearest lighthouse. The noise of the surf breaking made it hard to hear the horn. Small ships were tossed up and down in the waves. Rescue squads were sent into the storm to bring back all survivors from the capsized boats. The sea gulls were all safely tucked away in cracks of rocks.

I watched all of these doings for a while longer and then started toward the lighthouse to find shelter until the worst of the storm was over. The salt spray and strong wind whipped through my hair and stung my face. It took me longer than I thought it would because the wind was so strong. Finally I forced my way to the tower and knocked at the door. I was let in by a round friendly lighthouse keeper who gave me shelter until the storm was over.

The storm subsided in about two hours. It was black outside when I thanked my friend and started to my own home. The moon came out and cast weird shadows on the sand. This was due to the drifting storm clouds. The wind was calmed, and the whitecaps got smaller and smaller until all was once again calm. The wind, the rain, the waves — they had all gone back somewhere to the sea. There the waves would remain until the next storm was ready to bring them back in.

DESIRE

VITALINE O'CONNELL, Class XII

The sea lay calm,
In blue opacity,
Surrounded
By the sooty darkness.
Only the few rays,
Like little golden fingers
Beckoned me on
To this liquid density.

I ran, stumbling
Down the rocky path
Until I reached the depth
And blueness of the sea.
Its azure
Shimmering in the last sunlight.

It slapped against my legs
Washing
My torn and bloody knees.

Reaching down,
I caught up its filmy thickness
Into my hands
And gazed with wonder into those magic drops.
I saw then
That they were
Colorless and cold;
Not blue and deep,
But pale and lusterless
In my palms.

Then I knew
That the sea was mine
No more.

THE ATTACK

LOULIE HYDE, Class XII

. . . And suddenly his mind was black.
Yet as thoughts were found,
Each, revolving faster than the one before,
Left its color.
Twirling, senseless, chaotic —
All reason was lost in his
Now red, flaming
Swirl of revenge.

REMEMBERINGS

NANCY FAUST, Class XII

Love is like a flame,
Rising and falling according to fuel,
And then, one day, extinguished,
But burning brightly enough
So that the still-warm ashes
Warm hearts.

Love is like a lovely bird,
Which is wild and restless and hard to hold,
Which takes flight,
But whose image
Lingers in the memory
And quickens the senses.

Love is like gold,
Whose brightness and shine are dazzling
And wear off with age,
But whose worth is just as great
Because love is, most of all,
Eternal.

VIOLINIST

FAITH LEARNED, Class XII

His fierce eyes soften as the lights grow dim
And the sound of a breeze whispering in the leaves
Rises — and falls to a shivering silence.
Then the transparent hand with pale green veins
Draws the bow, slowly, toward the other world
And the sensitive mouth that twitches at the corner
Forgets the broken mirror and the pain. . . .

Somewhere a girl is laughing, laughing, laughing
As a red leaf flutters to the ground —
A mountain goat poised at the edge of a rock,
And a swirling pool of darkness in the night —
The lost child wailing and the fright —
The bow moves fast like a serpent's angry tongue
Till the pearls of perspiration glow against his skin.

But the music stops and a gentleman coughs.
The applause rises up till the hands start to sting,
And cynically smiling he gives a little bow.
(Tomorrow they'll laugh and say that I'm ugly.)
And the last hope limps to the door.
Out on the street the voices return
And a rat scurries off into darkness.

HALLOWE'EN

Susan Safford, Class XI

The spirit of Hallowe'en permeates the dark, moonless night as the jack-o-lanterns beam from every window and ghosts and little pirates sneak from house to house in search of treasure. For this is October 31, the night when small children roam abroad at late hours to scare and to be scared. Shadowy midgets ring doorbells and hands snatch candy from indulging adults. Skeletons rattle and owls hoot as children clutch each other with beating hearts and excited whispers. Then an adult's restraining voice breaks the fantasy and the children are hurried home to bed, grasping paper bags of booty and voicing brave thoughts of "next Hallowe'en."

THE BEAUTIFUL HOUSE

Judith Faust, Class IX

The house which I saw, just as a person passing and enjoying old remembrances, was dark and dreary. It didn't seem alive, not serving its purpose of pride and happiness. The paint was chipped, and the wood was decaying in spots, which gave the house a general look of severeness and incongruity with the nearby neighborhood. My spirits lowered while I came to this spot; I hadn't remembered it in this way, and I didn't want to change my memories with this forlorn sight of a once great house.

Who lived in the house now? Was it neat in its own beautiful poor way? Or was it sadly neglected? I thought of walking up to it and knocking on the door; I thought of seeing the house and the people inside once more. I would go in the house and find everyone happy, friendly, and just as I remembered them. The house would change inside; the atmosphere would be peaceful and serene. The kind family would ask me to stay and enjoy their hospitality, to remember other days. I would be a great friend of the family then; I would come often and always be welcome. Perhaps the shrubbery and plants that I remembered would be planted again; perhaps the house would be painted and the big, bold gate put to use once more. Then I could sit on the big porch and remember the past, live for today, or dream of the future, by just looking around and seeing the old familiar spots that I have always loved. Everyone passing then would look at the house and smile and be happy. Children would play on the big, green lawns, and the neighborhood would visit often.

I left the house, the big, great, beautiful house, as it was before, and I never did go in. After all, the house wasn't ours anymore.

RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS CAKE

ANN MIRABILE, Class XII

Mix thoroughly:
  Several dozen well used Christmas carols,
    Sung by choirs in rustling churches,
    Or by festive carolers passing by,
    Bedecked with falling snow;
  A solemn Christmas pageant
    With little children as angels,
    Their halos often slipping off;
  1 small crêche, made by reverent hands;
  Many little known shops warmly lit by kindness,
    With special presents just made for very special people;
  1 crisp, cold, starry, winter sky at night.
Add:
  1 cup of the delicious suspense of secret surprises
    To make it rise;
  The fragrance of Christmas trees,
    And red-bowed wreathes, for spice;
  For cherries and raisins and nuts,
    3 cups of Christmas lights
    That shine over busy city streets
    And in friendly windows of bustling houses.
Bake slowly
  In the warmth of Christmas smiles, (for many weeks).
Frost with
  Freshly fallen, perfect crystal snowflakes;
And always serve with
  The friendly feeling found at Christmas time,
  To preserve it through the year.

SIMILE OF THE SEA

BARBARA MCBRIDE, Class XII

Pounding —
The incessant roar of the ocean —
The rising and falling
Sea foam.

Memories come rolling
Up the beach of my thoughts,
Washing ashore
The seaweed of tangled dreams.
Love and Hate
Are weary seagulls,
Flying away,
Leaving a desolate, lost
And empty shell.

JUST ONE WISH

BETSY PECK, Class VIII

If I had the privilege of having just one wish granted, I would wish that for one day in our lives we would be deprived of sight, of our ability to hear and smell, and of the wonder of touch. Just one morning the sunshine peeking under the window would not greet us as we awake. We would not see the sunbeams making patterns on the floor, or the old worn bedspread, or the familiar cracks in the ceiling. The sound of birds quarreling over some choice tid-bit would not reach our ears. We would not hear the paper boy giving the paper a carefree toss on the front porch. We would be deprived of the sweet fragrance of flowers and the smell of the warm brown earth after a summer rain. We would be numb to the gentle breeze blowing through our legs. If these things we take for granted were taken away from us for just one day out of our long lives, maybe we would realize what miracles God has given us.

A SILVER DROP

LANNY PEPPER, Class VII

Slowly slides the silver drop;
Watch it fall on the stalagmite top.
Silver droplet, architect,
Limestone pillars you erect.
Drop by drop, grain by grain,
And for endless years the same,
Majestic cathedral underground,
Built from a tiny droplet round.

A SILVER RAINDROP

GAY MOORE, Class VII

The air was moist and heavy with the fragrance of pine, for the spring rain had stopped but a few minutes earlier. A tiny silver raindrop clung to a budded twig, trying desperately to keep its hold. At last, however, its weight became too heavy and it dropped with a tiny splash to the clear forest pool below, sending tiny ripples to the moss-covered shores.

A NOVEMBER EVENING

BETTY GORDON, Class IX

The hush of night is slowly closing in,
The cornstalks, standing black below the hills,
Now barren and deprived of green and leaf,
Spring forth with beauty of God's dying world.

The furry rabbits scamper to their young,
The scarlet sky sinks lower in the earth,
And leaves behind a soft and purple hue,
To mingle quiet with the coming night.

CITY LIGHTS

ANN WHITMAN, Class XI

I

There is a sad loneliness in city lights,
A thoughtful loneliness in their soft glow
Seen from a bleak window
High above the city's silent streets.
The wailing of a mournful trumpet
Faintly wings its way on the soft breeze
From the tenement below.
A taxi horn far in the distance
Echoes the city's empty loneliness.
The lights shed deep shadows on
The stark buildings, giving
Their outlined forms a look of mystery,
And yet of majesty and awe;
You feel their power and their cruelty,
While the lights spread their gentle radiance
Over the distant and lonely streets.

II

There is a compelling gaiety in city lights,
A gaiety that calls to the stranger
With a restless nostalgia,
That beckons men to forget, in
Their frantic whirl of brilliance.
The lights sing from cabaret signs,
Inviting as the laughter from within.
The blurred flash of a subway in the night,
Hurrying through the darkness in its urgency,
The endless streams of tragic headlights,
Noisily plowing their way through the
Dense jungle where only the fittest survive,
This is the constant movement of the city
In its restless searching for something firm,
Hiding its unconscious insecurity
Behind its lights of false gaiety.

EMOTION

PAGE PHELPS, Class XII

Emotion is a burst of laughter,
  As a sail is a balloon
  When a sudden gust of wind comes.
Emotion is depression,
  As a balloon is nothing
  When pricked by the point of a pin.
Emotion is joy,
  As a wave is large
  When swollen from the inner ocean.
Emotion is a burst of tears,
  As the sky is rain
  When a cloud is suddenly broken.

WINTER MAGIC

SMEDLEY CHAPMAN, Class X

I sit in front of my bedroom window caught in the magic of the first winter snowfall. A few small, delicate flakes come floating through the air and land on the warm moist earth to vanish immediately. The white particles settle on my windowsill as if it was only there for that purpose. As they drift towards the window, I can see the intricate pattern of each flake. Each one is a paragon of design. Blown about by gusts of wind they keep coming, seeming to multiply as they reach the earth. The sidewalks, covered with a thin white crust, look like slabs of chalk surrounded by green grass. Even the bare, desolate maple tree has a thin outline of white like another layer of bark. Coming in greater number and force every minute, they begin to make the tall blades of grass almost invisible. Now the air seems to be overflowing with snowflakes going everywhere at once. A small boy, wearing a blue snowsuit, trudges down the street carrying a shovel twice his size. A brown and white spotted dog bounds along beside him, hardly visible through the snowfilled air. . . . Now everything is covered with snow.

A PINE PANELED EVENING

PAMELA CONNOLLY, Class XI

Firelight painting on a mirrored wall,
Dry apple logs spitting sparks to the ashes,
Sparkling frost creeping over window panes,
A pewter platter glowing from soft lamplight,
Shadows of familiar figures on the ceiling —
All molding a serene, enclosing atmosphere.

Mellow pipe smoke encircling a lamp,
Marshmallows toasting over an open fire,
Hazy fire smoke crawling into the air,
Spicy perfume floating after its owner,
Fleecy popcorn spilling melted butter —
All molding a serene, enclosing atmosphere.

Mahogany chestnuts popping their shells into cinders,
Friendly voices joining in pleasant conversation,
An open shutter banging with the wind,
Piano music lulling the dreamers to sleep,
Tinkling glasses meeting in warm toasts —
All molding a serene, enclosing atmosphere.

BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT

HOPE JOHNSON, Class XII

We spent one summer in a small Maine village on a lake. We lived in one of several tiny cottages clustered on a sheltered cove. The day after we arrived I asked my next-door neighbor about a good grocery store. She told me that there was only one. "It's that little general store at the end of the green on the main floor of the red house." She said, "It's run by a man and his wife who are very pleasant. The man never says a word, but his wife chatters like a magpie."

An hour later I was in the little store. I asked the man for some butter, bacon, bread, and eggs, which he got for me wordlessly. He added the prices up on the cash register, and nodded thanks when I paid him the amount indicated by the machine. Our transaction went on with the sound of

constant chatter in the background. The man's wife was waiting on another customer and was informing him at one time about the morning's news, the weather expected during the summer, and the town's history. "It's strange," I thought, as I left the store, "they seem to balance each other. He really doesn't say a word. Maybe he's a mute. That's too bad." During the next few weeks I visited the store several times. Each time I was waited on by the man, there was a wordless (on his part) transaction. The few times I was waited on by his wife, however, I felt that I was hearing the gossip of a dozen sewing circles condensed and mixed with all the facts in the *World Almanac*.

The last time I went into the store for provisions the man filled my order. As he was putting my supplies in a bag, I noticed that I could hear the paper rustle. The store seemed strangely quiet. I looked to the other end of the store where his wife was filling another customer's order. She wasn't saying a word! I must have looked very surprised by her silence, for the man smiled and said clearly, "laryngitis" and returned to his former silence.

NIGHT

KATHLEEN JOHNSON, Class XII

The purple-blue cloak of evening settles sadly over the hills.
The old man puts out his pipe and sighs.
Another day of his life has swiftly passed.

The frightening black of the night quickly hides the hills.
The young boy puts his scattered toys to bed.
It's time to sleep and rest for another day of play.

The deep blue velvet of twilight gently surrounds the hills.
The young woman wraps a stole around bare shoulders.
For her the magic of the day has just begun.

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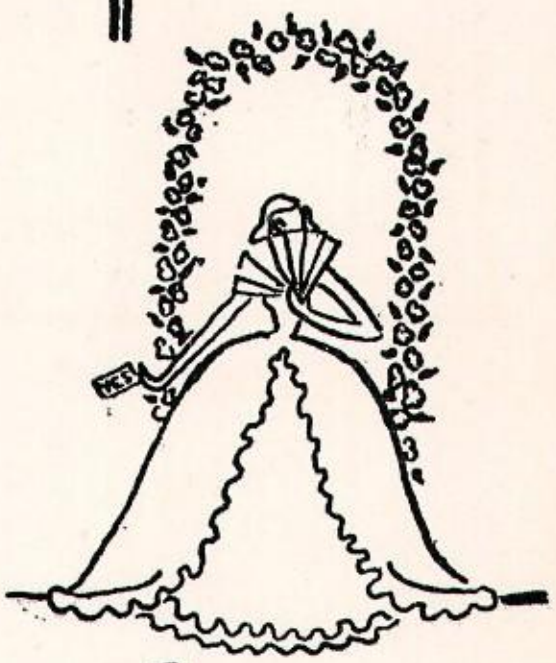
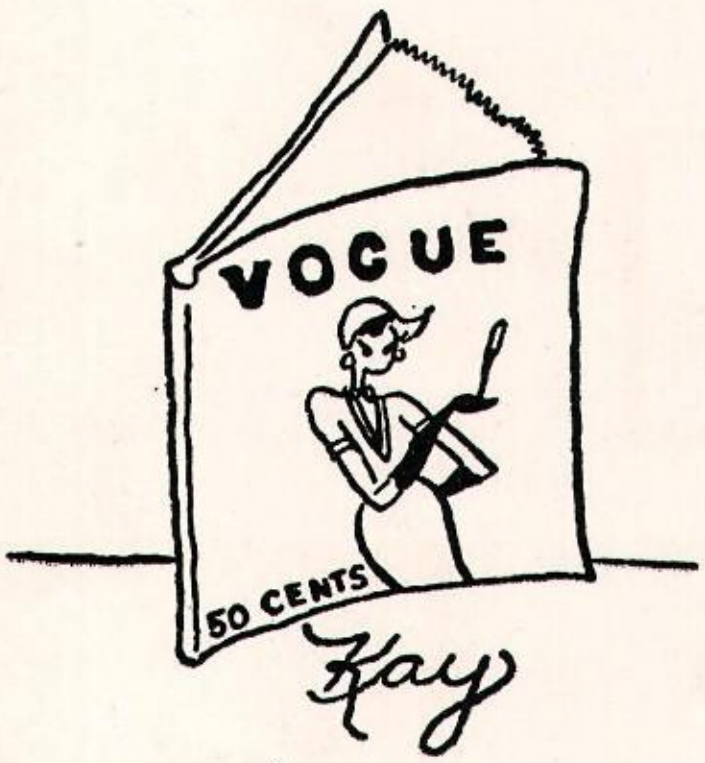
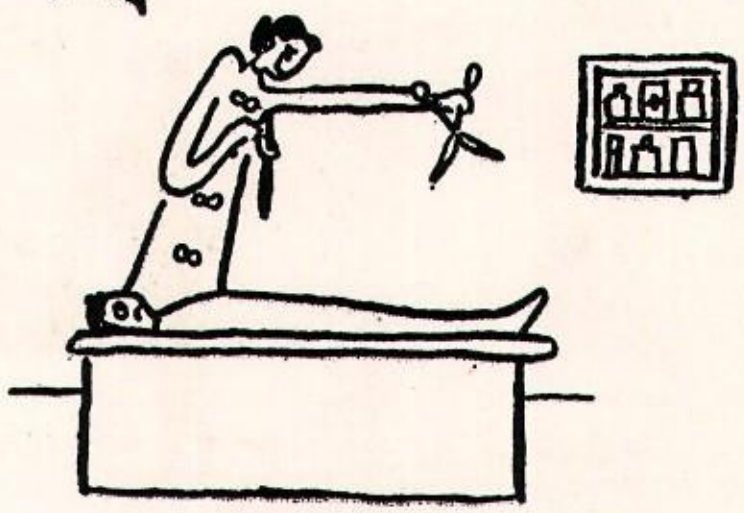


Rozzy



Kay

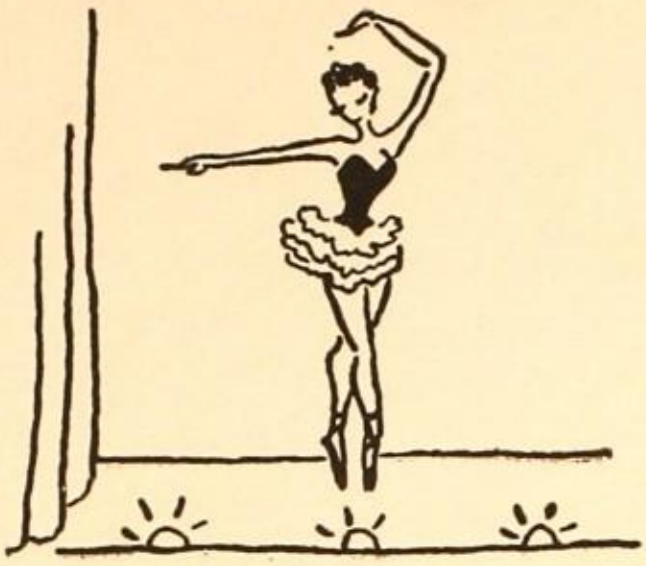


Ann

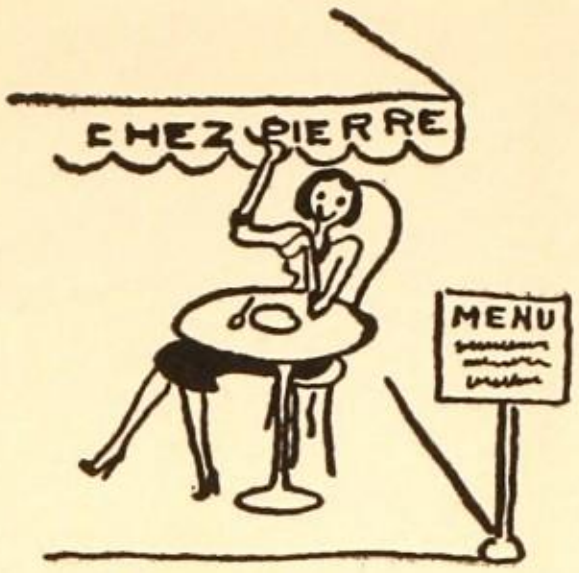
Cynnie

June

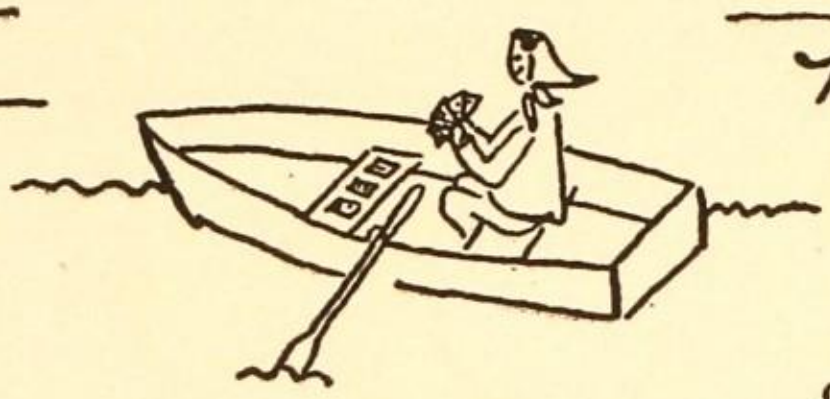
Harried



Olga



Molly

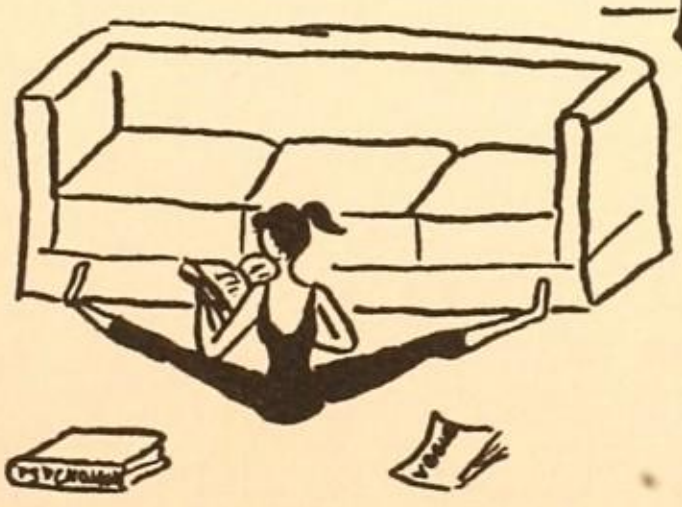


Betsey

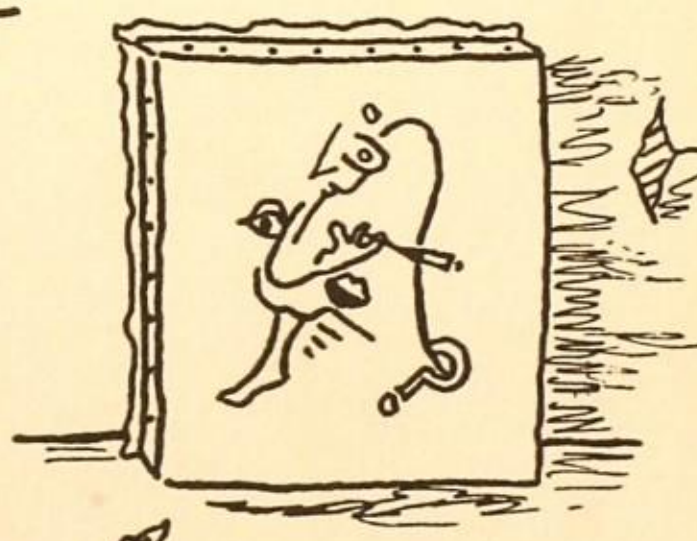
Sappho

Pagie

Sandy



Priscilla



Self-portrait

Bonnie

Faith Learned